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EDITORIAL

CASTRO IS SIGNALING

On New Year's Eve, Cubans will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their revolutionary triumph in Havana, but there will surely be an undercurrent of anxiety in the rejoicing. The revolution is more imperiled today than at any time since the Bay of Pigs invasion and the missile crisis, two decades ago. The Reagan Administration is on the move in the Caribbean Basin, seeking to roll back Cuba's influence, from Grenada in the east to Nicaragua in the west, and it hardly takes much imagination for Cubans to envision further assaults on their homeland.

Only a few years ago, Jimmy Carter's diplomats were predicting an imminent normalization of relations between Havana and Washington. But Reagan quickly scotched those plans. Instead of dialogue, he has pursued a policy of provocation and aggression.

The Administration's new propaganda voice, Radio Martí, will soon begin beaming the roll-back message to Cuba. But already, Castro is sending signals of a different sort in the other direction. He has counseled friendly movements and governments in the region to pursue cautious and accommodating policies toward Washington. He has brought Cubans back from Nicaragua, and despite the massive anti-Cuban campaign, of which the Grenada invasion was the centerpiece, he has repeatedly called for improved relations with the United States.

He must be taken seriously in his efforts, if not by Reagan then by the opposition, for this is the Democrats' opportune moment for courage. So far, only George McGovern and Jesse Jackson have spoken clearly for rapprochement. Walter Mondale and Alan Cranston at least want to "start talking" with Castro. But normalization with Cuba is the key to peace and social development in the Caribbean, and the Reagan approach can only keep the door locked.

CABBAGE-KID PLOT
Richard Lingeman

COPS AND QUOTAS
Roger Wilkins

ART & THE STATE IN SOUTH AFRICA
Nadine Gordimer

STAR WARS: SCENARIO INTO FACT
John Tirman

THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY BOOK LISTS
'Nation' Editors and Friends

WHILE SOMEONE ELSE IS EATING

CHRISTMAS VIGIL IN ALTOONA, PA

This is the sixth in a series of articles that will appear in The Nation *about how some people are being made to live in America today. The writers of the articles are all novelists or poets. They were not given "assignments"; they were asked to write about the human costs of President Reagan's policies, and they chose their subjects under that rubric. The idea was to free them from all the constraints of journalism save one: that of grounding their work in reality. Our aim was to gather an uneven collection, each piece as unique as the voice and the sensibility of the artist who wrote it.*

This article has been edited for length, but will be published in its entirety by Anchor Press/Doubleday in the collection titled While Someone Else Is Eating.

DAVID BRADLEY

At the very brink of Christmas I found a gift for my mother that really made her happy: I decided to go to church with her.

Years ago it was a kind of tradition that I would accompany my mother to the midnight candlelight and carol service at the local Methodist church. But then modernism infected the Methodists; the ancient and familiar Scriptures had been scrapped in favor of some sentimental slop which sounded as if it had been dashed off in a Hollywood hot tub, and the traditional hymns, with their words by the Apostles and music by the great composers, had been virtually eliminated to make room for "contemporary carols," with lyrics by Hallmark and *Reader's Digest*, and tunes by Barry Manilow. The climax of the service, the playing of the "Hallelujah

(*Continued on Page 664*)

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LETTERS.

'HITCHENS GOT US WRONG'

Washington

To illustrate the curious sense of fairness that Christopher Hitchens brought to his piece on *The Washington Monthly*'s conference on neoliberalism ["Minority Report," *The Nation*, Nov. 5], compare what he says motivates my concern for the public schools—"when Peters calls for educational reform, he does so because he believes it will make the United States able 'to compete economically with other technologically advanced countries' "—with what I really said:

> Our concern about the public school system illustrates a central element of neoliberalism: it is at once pragmatic and idealistic. Our practical concern is that public schools have to be made better, much better, if we are to compete economically with other technologically advanced countries, if we are to have more Route 128s and Silicon Valleys. Our idealistic concern is that we have to make these schools better if the American dream is to be realized. Right now there is not a fair chance for all because too many children are receiving a bad education. The urban public schools have in fact become the principal instrument of class oppression in America, keeping the lower orders in their place while the upper class sends its children to private schools.

The rest of Hitchens's article is cut from similar cloth, emphasizing and often falsely describing elements of neoliberalism that would worry the average liberal while neglecting to mention any of its causes that might enlist his support or even strike him as radical. Nowhere, to give a few examples, does he discuss *The Washington Monthly*'s support for worker ownership, for socialized medicine, for a W.P.A. to give jobs to the unemployed, for more Social Security benefits for the poor but none for the rich; nor does he mention our constant criticism of corporate greed—of managers who refuse to take wage cuts when they ask their workers to do so, who focus on short-term profit instead of long-term growth and who are indifferent to worker health and safety.

Quite simply, Hitchens got us wrong. If you would like to compare what he said with what we actually believe, I will be glad to send you a free copy of "A Neoliberal's Manifesto." Write *The Washington Monthly*, 1711 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

Charles Peters
Editor

ANSWERING HIS 'TINY QUESTION'

Washington

In his November 5 "Minority Report" on the neoliberal conference sponsored by *The Washington Monthly*, Christopher Hitchens repeats a remark he made at a panel discussion there celebrating "family values": The family runs on socialist principles—from each according to etc., etc.—and if these are good enough for raising children why aren't they good enough for running society? He modestly reports that "no panelist answered my tiny question."

Readers of *The Nation* should not conclude that the entire conference was stunned into silent agreement by this high-table sally. Several persons approached your reporter with answers to his question. Mine, for what it's worth, is that the family is not organized for production, which is nice, but some part of society must be.

Also, for the record, no "neoliberal" I know named "Mike" has ever written a "coruscating piece" denying that "public spending helps the poor." One "Mike" sometimes labeled a neoliberal has written several times attacking that very argument, and has done his best to be coruscating.

Michael Kinsley

HITCHENS REPLIES

Washington

Let history judge. *Christopher Hitchens*

CITIZENS PARTY OVER THE RAINBOW

Warwick, R.I.

In his fine article, "Black Power in the Age of Jackson" [*The Nation*, Nov. 26], Andrew Kopkind discusses Jesse Jackson's campaign along lines very important to the left. He explains, better than we did to ourselves, the reasons the Citizens Party declined to join the "rainbow coalition."

We welcome anyone or anything that raises hell with the Democrats, with their boring, almost invisible candidates and their craven acquiescence (McGovern excepted) to Reagan's dreadful actions. But at our September convention, the Citizens Party voted not to join Jackson's coalition for two important reasons, despite the fact that the party's 1980 Presidential candidate, Barry Commoner, and a strong and articulate minority favored the move. First, we don't know where Jackson stands on a number of issues. And second, even if his positions turn out to be acceptably close to ours, we believe (and this is why there is a Citizens Party) that the professed goals of the rainbow coalition make it and the Democratic Party mutually exclusive; the two cannot coexist without profound changes in one or the other.

If, however, Jackson reaches that conclusion somewhere along the way, it would make sense for him and the Citizens Party to devise some way to work together. In the meantime, we wish him well; we will continue to build a progressive political party and will nominate our own Presidential candidate (quite possibly feminist Sonia Johnson), who in the 1984 general election will raise many of the same issues we assume Jackson will raise in the primaries.

We simply believe that the Democratic Party is beyond resurrection as an instrument of progressive change, and we think Jackson will eventually reach the same conclusion. If he does, and if he is willing to help build a genuinely progressive political force, things could become very interesting indeed.

Richard J. Walton, member
CIP National Committee

JOHNSON OVER THE GENDER GAP

Washington

"Sexual Politics" [editorial, *The Nation*, Dec. 10] concludes that the gender gap might actually work in Reagan's favor, because he can attract the higher proportion of upper-income women who accept patriarchal values. That analysis has one basic flaw: it overlooks Sonia Johnson's candidacy for the Presidency on the Citizens Party ticket.

Johnson, a wife and mother who chose to be excommunicated by the Mormon Church rather than stop supporting the Equal Rights Amendment, is going to reach those women where it counts—on the peace issue.

With the media coverage that a bona fide Presidential candidate can obtain, and with her charisma and eloquence, Johnson can persuade women that the overriding issue in the 1984 campaign is survival. On that issue Reagan can't win because, regardless of income bracket or party affiliation, women distrust his militaristic foreign policy. Johnson makes the case well for women to unite on the peace issue:

> Men have never made weapons they have not used and there is every indication this trend will continue until women intervene. Two of the very few virtues of the oppression of women are that the oppressed are conditioned NOT to use force and have no "face" to lose. . . . the only possible role for a nation which wishes to be the greatest in the world and to live to enjoy its reputation is to be the peacemaker, the mediator. . . .

Women, traditionally the peacemakers, have 53 percent of the vote, so Johnson may be right that "we are on the edge of a time when women's ways of viewing the world are recognized as the invaluable resources they are."

Ruth Lauder

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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EDITORIALS.

Nobody Hungry?

In a recent interview with news agency reporters, Presidential counselor Edwin Meese 3d callously dismissed mounting evidence that cutbacks in government food programs have made hunger a serious national problem. If a lot of people are going to soup kitchens, it's "because the food is free and that's easier than paying for it," Meese said. "I think that they have money." At his December 14 conference, the President backed up his aide, saying Meese's remarks had been taken "totally out of context." He also said some undeserving poor people were cheating private charities, which unlike state welfare agencies, "have no way of establishing eligibility."

But Meese's views—and his boss's—have been refuted by testimony presented at hearings conducted during the past year by two Congressional committees and by the President's Task Force on Food Assistance, which is scheduled to report its findings in early January.

In city after city, church workers, public officials, activists and poor people have presented detailed, dramatic and often moving evidence that hunger, malnutrition and attendant health problems have increased substantially during the first three years of the Reagan Administration.

The consensus that has emerged from those hearings is that hunger is on the rise and that private agencies, though striving heroically in many instances, are incapable of meeting the need. President Reagan says he is "perplexed" by this failure. But others don't find it so mysterious, citing particularly the growing number of newly unemployed ("the new poor") and long-term unemployed who don't qualify for food aid as a result of tightened eligibility requirements.

Under the present rules, newly unemployed people with more than $1,500 in assets may not receive food stamps, putting them in a classic Catch-22 situation. For example, they can't qualify for food stamps if their equity in their homes exceeds the statutory limit, but they can't receive food stamps without a home address. Or Catch-22a: they need a car to

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look for work in order to continue receiving unemployment benefits, but owning an automobile could disqualify them for food stamps.

If the Administration is counting on the Presidential task force to vindicate its contention that hunger doesn't exist in America, it may be disappointed. A highly placed staff member told *Nation* contributor Dorothy Samuels that the study group had been deeply moved by testimony offered at its hearings, especially that on the dilemma of the new poor. She indicated that the task force study is likely to add a solid statistical underpinning to the "anecdotal" evidence it has already compiled.

That is not to say that political maneuvering between now and the release of the report next month could not cause the task force to come up with conclusions that are palatable to the White House. We will wait and see what it produces—and what the Administration does. When millions go hungry, feeding is believing.

Cops and Quotas

At the University of Michigan in the early 1950s, black students from Detroit enlivened dormitory bull sessions with stories of police brutality in Motown. They recounted how four policemen would pile into a sedan—"nigger cruisers," they were called—and troll the streets for black heads to whip. In those days, blacks delineated the contours of the state of Michigan by Wolverines in Ann Arbor, factories belching out Oldsmobiles in Lansing, hicks in the Upper Peninsula, Lions and Tigers in Briggs Stadium and nigger-haters in blue prowling the streets of Detroit.

The Detroit police changed little over the next twenty years. In 1973, when Coleman A. Young was elected Mayor, that city, a majority of whose population was black, had a Police Department that was 82 percent white. A year later, Detroit adopted an affirmative action plan which was, according to a brief the Justice Department recently filed in the Supreme Court, a response to "undeniable past discrimination against blacks that had created a police force that was largely unresponsive to the concerns of a substantial portion of the city's population."

That is an accurate, if understated, description of the situation that prevailed in Detroit prior to affirmative action. Since the plan went into effect, the proportion of blacks on the force has risen to 32 percent, and police brutality complaints have declined by 75 percent. Nevertheless, the Justice Department has asked that the plan, which has been challenged by white police officers, be declared unconstitutional because it violates the Fourteenth Amendment guarantee of equal protection under the law. The press reported that the government's legal position represents a victory for Assistant Attorney General for civil rights William Bradford Reynolds over the civil rights enforcement staffs at the Department of Labor and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

It is not simply a victory for Reynolds. It is a victory for right-wing ideologues who oppose affirmative action. In *Mandate for Leadership*, a blueprint for the incoming Reagan team, the Heritage Foundation counseled the Justice Department as follows:

> A new administration should base its civil rights policy on the notion that every person has an inherent right to obtain whatever economic or other rewards he (or she) has earned, by virtue of merit, and that it is inherently wrong to penalize those who have earned their reward by giving preferential treatment and benefits to those who have not.

Reynolds has faithfully parroted those views in Congressional testimony and in speeches. In April at Amherst College, he said that affirmative action was "morally wrong" on the ground that during the struggle for equal justice the nation had evolved a color-blind standard for dealing with racial problems. Reynolds cited John Marshall Harlan's dissent in *Plessy v. Ferguson* and Thurgood Marshall's argument in *Brown v. Board of Education* as the authorities for his view. He quoted Yale law professor Alexander Bickel and Justice William Rehnquist to buttress his contention that affirmative action remedies are as pernicious as "the race-conscious thinking of an earlier day." The speech was a curious performance: it began with pious expressions of outrage at racial injustices that occurred 150 years ago and concluded by rejecting remedies for the most serious injustices of today.

In reaching his conclusions, Reynolds managed to ignore two important facts about race in America. The first is that constitutional color-blindness was never the exclusive goal of people like Harlan and Marshall. At a time when the Supreme Court interpreted the law to perpetuate discrimination, the argument that the Constitution is color-blind was only one way of expressing the yearnings for justice, fairness and equity.

The other fact that eludes Reynolds is that America is racist. It is as hard for most white-controlled institutions to avoid discriminating on the basis of color as it is for a puppy to ignore a rubber bone. Since the society is not color-blind—indeed racism survives despite numerous Supreme Court decisions and civil rights laws intended to eliminate it—to insist that the Constitution be color-blind is like asking blacks to stand naked in a Siberian gale.

The evil that Reynolds and the Heritage Foundation find in affirmative action, of course, is the "preference" it shows to blacks. Those who support that view ignore still another fact: that from the founding of the Republic to the moment your eyes scan these words, one group and one group alone has been preferred in America: white males. Affirmative action has the virtue not only of making the competition for society's goods a bit more equal—without even approaching full equality, mind you—but also of distributing the scarcities more equitably. Since there are a lot of people in this Administration who truly believe that they achieved their eminence solely on merit in a fair contest, they resist furiously any change in the rules.

Concurring in *University of California v. Bakke*, Justice Harry Blackmun correctly perceived how miserable race relations are in America. He held that affirmative action was permissible in situations like the one in Detroit, where a compe-

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tent body had found wrongs, and the plan was an appropriate remedy for them. He wrote: "In order to get beyond racism, we must first take account of race. There is no other way. And in order to treat some persons equally, we must treat them differently. We cannot—we dare not—let the equal protection clause perpetuate racial supremacy." That is where the law stands, and despite the attitude of the most lawless Justice Department in memory, that is exactly where the law should stand. ROGER WILKINS

Roger Wilkins is a member of The Nation*'s editorial board.*

Cabbage-Kid Plot

The genuine [Cabbage Patch] Kids are being flattered by imitations; 10,000 . . . look-alikes from the Far East made it through U.S. Customs last week because they were not exact duplicates (the telltale: no bellybuttons).

—Newsweek, *December 12*

Washington, December 26

Millions of Cabbage Patch Kids—the popular dolls with the Pillsbury Doughboy faces, which come complete with names and adoption papers—entered the country illegally during the Christmas buying season, the Department of Justice announced today. Although earlier this month there were scattered reports that look-alike but anatomically different Cabbagers were passing through customs, the department said that the extent of the illegal immigration has been vastly understated. Hordes of foreign-made counterfeits evaded border checkpoints and found their way into the arms of American girls and boys.

The Immigration and Naturalization Service ordered that all Cabbage Patch Kids not legally in the country be summarily deported, but agents expect to have trouble telling the real dolls, which are manufactured by Coleco Industries of West Hartford, Connecticut, from the knockoffs. Their main identifying feature is the lack of a navel, but a spokesman for the I.N.S. said that a shortage of female agents makes it impossible to carry out stomach searches of the millions of girl dolls sold during the Christmas rush. Current plans call for rounding up all suspects and holding them in special detention cribs, which have been hastily erected in an abandoned Adventureland in Maryland.

Complicating the agents' task is the fact that Cabbage Patch dolls are designed by a computer to insure that each one is unique. Complained one I.N.S. investigator, "If we were dealing with your ordinary *bracero* or boat person our job would be easier—they all look alike. But these little guys come in all shapes and sizes, all races and colors."

The Federal Bureau of Investigation has been ordered to assist the I.N.S. in solving the identification problem. As a first step, the Bureau has requested the manufacturer to photograph each doll it makes and provide it with an I.D. card. Edward O'Heehy, special agent in charge of the identification division, said he and Coleco designers have been discussing the possibility of giving future models fingerprints. O'Heehy also revealed that the bogus dolls are equipped with falsified adoption papers. "They're slickly done," he said, "the work of a pro." The forgery is evident only under a microscope. The letters, O'Heehy said, "look vaguely Cyrillic. This could be a K.G.B. job." (A Justice Department lawyer said dolls that are not legally adopted would be ineligible for resident-alien status.)

The charge that the dolls are of Soviet or at least Communist-bloc origin was echoed by the Central Intelligence Agency, which leaked copies of a report titled "Operation Cabbage Patch." The document concludes that the imitation dolls are of "Marxist-Leninist origin," and that millions of them were parachuted into the United States at prearranged drop points. The agency theorized that the doll drop was a plot to undermine the U.S. economic recovery by "a direct strike at the Christmas buying season." According to an unnamed C.I.A. informant cited in the report, the scheme had two stages. First, the dolls would be infiltrated and sold; next, the originators of the plan would start a disinformation campaign designed to cause parents to demand refunds from Coleco. The plan called for spreading the rumor that children who sleep with the dolls will contract AIDS.

After learning that the dolls were Communist-made, several conservative groups called for an immediate boycott. The Rev. Jerry Falwell said that the dolls were blasphemous caricatures. "According to Holy Scripture," he said, "only Adam and Eve had no navels. The hand of atheistic Communism is apparent."

Reverend Falwell said that when he first heard of the Cabbage Patch Kids, he had approved of them because "they taught little girls to think about adoption rather than abortion." Now, however, he believes they are "the spawn of Satan."

Senator Jesse Helms, Republican of North Carolina, complained that "wetback Commie puppets" were entering the country in violation of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, which bars foreigners who belong to subversive groups. Senator Jeremiah Denton, Republican of Alabama, scheduled hearings before his Security and Terrorism Subcommittee next month. "I intend to find out if this thing is part of a bigger plot to infiltrate terrorist toys and, if so, just what Castro's game is," he said.

Last week, the North American Air Defense was secretly ordered on full alert to interdict further airdrops of the bogus Cabbage Patch Kids. The night before Christmas, all radar installations were instructed to watch for "incoming sleighs driven by Red gentlemen." An Air Force spokesman explained that this phrase was a code meaning Soviet aircraft or missiles. There were also reports that an unidentified flying object over the North Pole had triggered a full-scale nuclear alert, and that President Reagan had called Soviet leader Yuri Andropov on the hot line. A White House spokesman confirmed that the President had called Andropov but said it was "merely to wish him a Merry Christmas." The call was not completed, however, because Andropov could not be located. RICHARD LINGEMAN

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DISPATCHES.

■ WEST GERMANY: Ins and Outs of Politics

The most striking feature of politics in Bonn is its fluidity. The ascension of the Green Party, the growth of the grass-roots peace/ecology movement and the rivalries within the ruling center-right coalition are creating an atmosphere of combativeness and uncertainty. The Bundesrepublik has not seen anything like this since its early days.

Witness the debate in the Bundestag on December 1, and the political jockeying that accompanied it. Ostensibly, the members were arguing about Chancellor Helmut Kohl's July invitation asking South Africa's Foreign Minister Roelof Botha to visit West Germany. Lines were quickly drawn, with the Greens denouncing the state visit and the Free Democrats (F.D.P.), who are junior partners in the ruling coalition, defending it. The opposition Social Democrats (S.P.D.) criticized not the invitation but the message it conveyed, while the right-wing Christian Democrats grumbled that Kohl's support for Pretoria was too flaccid.

Beneath the surface of the debate, however, some serious political gamesmanship was going on. The Social Democrats see themselves locked in a struggle with the Greens over the right to wear the opposition mantle. The S.P.D. has a two-pronged strategy for dealing with its rivals in the Bundestag. One aspect is to ignore the Greens when possible, co-opt their position when necessary and eventually lure away their supporters. The second is to raise issues that will exacerbate tensions between the center and right in the ruling coalition.

Thus, in July, the S.P.D. seized on the Botha visit, hoping to pre-empt the Greens and embarrass the coalition. At that time they submitted a long list of questions about Germany's South Africa policy to the government. But the issue languished until the December 1 debate, when to the S.P.D.'s chagrin, the media cast the Greens in the leading opposition role.

Kohl's governing coalition is vulnerable on relatively peripheral issues like South Africa because of the brooding presence in its ranks of Franz-Josef Strauss, head of the Bavarian Christian Social Union. Strauss openly covets the top post in either the Economics or the Foreign Affairs Ministry, both of which are held by F.D.P. members. Until recently, Strauss had been content to throw a monkey wrench into Kohl's machinery occasionally. Using his control of the Foreign Aid Ministry, for example, Strauss had blocked a consensus within the coalition on South Africa policy, thus opening the government up to the embarrassing attacks in the Bundestag.

But now, the pending indictment of F.D.P. Economics Minister Otto Lambsdorff on corruption charges promises to muddy the already turbid political waters. The scandal will rub off on Lambsdorff's party, threatening its existence as a distinct political entity. As a result Kohl may have to give more power to the Strauss wing of his party in order to save the coalition. Even worse, the colorless Chancellor might have to invite Strauss to join the government. With a political Neanderthal like Strauss thrashing about in the Cabinet, the S.P.D. and the Greens should have no shortage of easy targets on which to demonstrate their political marksmanship.

■ WEST GERMANY: The Frankfurt Informer

Gathering information about dissident groups on the left and the right is usually a routine matter for Bundesamt für Verfassungsschutz (B.F.V.), West Germany's equivalent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It has no problems recruiting informants from among orthodox Communists and neo-Nazis, as long as it's willing to pay the going rate. Not so among the militant left, however, where a shortage of turncoats has forced the B.F.V. to infiltrate its own agents.

Last month, an undercover operative was unmasked in Frankfurt, giving West Germans a rare peek at how their counterintelligence cops penetrate the militant scene. The "burned" agent was 31-year-old Wolfgang Rosenthal, who had become bored with the bureaucratic life after spending most of his eleven-year career in the agency's administrative office, and wangled a transfer to Department VII—Political Terrorism.

In May 1982, after completing an intensive course which included instruction in terrorist tactics and training in the use of weapons, he was ordered to make contact with potentially violent groups in Frankfurt. According to the Berlin newspaper *Taz*, which broke the story, it took Rosenthal, alias Lutz Jung, more than a year to win acceptance among leftist groups. In the summer he was admitted to one of the "autonomous" groups that operate on the fringe of the peace movement. He was among the demonstrators in Krefeld who pelted Vice President George Bush's motorcade. At a demonstration in Bremerhaven in the fall, he sported a blue helmet, carried a megaphone and made himself useful by ferrying demonstrators around in a Volkswagen van which his B.F.V. employers had thoughtfully provided. He even tossed a few rocks at a bank when police weren't looking.

But Rosenthal's colleagues became suspicious of their overeager recruit whose political background was unknown to them. They placed him under surveillance and in due course discovered that he made regular trips to Cologne, where B.F.V. headquarters is located. In November, they confronted him with all the evidence they had gathered, and after several hours of interrogation, Rosenthal confessed. Yet even the most hardened leftists were surprised at the nonchalant attitude he took toward his exposure. His main concern was whether the B.F.V. would give him an office job now that his cover is blown.

■ EGYPT: Profiteers of the Past

In the two years since Anwar el-Sadat's assassination, Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak has had to avoid appearing to identify too much with his predecessor or too little. That balancing act is trickiest in decisions on prosecuting Sadat's protégés for corruption. On the one hand, cracking down on the coterie of "Sadatists" who made fortunes after their benefactor began deregulating the economy

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KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

in 1974 is politically popular. On the other, the fattest cats—notably billionaire construction contractor Osman Ahmed Osman—are powerful figures and virtually untouchable. Moreover, Mubarak needs their financial backing against opposition parties on the left and against the conservative Moslem Brotherhood.

Mindful of the political dividends to be gained and of the National Assembly elections scheduled for next spring, Mubarak has encouraged selective arrests of the most corrupt of the Sadat-era nouveau riche. Last month, for example, timber tycoon Rashad Osman began serving a six-month sentence in Al-Hadra prison for evading nearly $6 million worth of import duties.

In 1974, Rashad Osman was a dockworker in Alexandria earning 30 cents a day. Today, his fortune is estimated at $300 million. Much of it was acquired by supplying timber to his friend in the construction business Osman Ahmed Osman (no relation). But Rashad also had a lucrative sideline: concealed among the timber he imported were bags of the finest-grade Lebanese hashish. Because Osman Ahmed Osman had influence with Sadat (his son had married the President's daughter), he was able to arrange Rashad's appointment as head of the government-sponsored National Democratic Party in Alexandria. And when Rashad asked Sadat's economics minister to refund $6 million in import duties, the request was granted with alacrity.

Rashad got off with a light sentence. The state prosecutor had evidence of his drug smuggling and illegal property speculating, but he did not present it in court. Earlier this year Rashad was acquitted of other charges brought under the Law of Shame, a code of business ethics, which could have got him a year in prison.

In contrast to Rashad's kid-glove treatment, the Court of Ethics seized the property of another Sadatist, multimillionaire Kamal El Kafrawi, and sentenced him to a year in prison for collecting more than $3 million in illegal "key money" from desperate apartment hunters (Cairo has a severe housing shortage).

■ EGYPT: Rounding Up an Opposition

In Sadat's day, the government routinely reported election turnouts of nearly 100 percent, with 99 percent of the vote going to the President. Perhaps because he seeks legitimacy, Mubarak is playing the electoral game strictly by the book, at least to the extent that he recognizes the existence of an opposition which, furthermore, is boycotting the elections. Thus, following the village and municipal elections two months ago, the interior minister made the unprecedented admission that only 51 percent of the electorate had voted. And the progovernment magazine *Al Mussawar* reported that in some districts in Cairo and Alexandria, voter turnout was as low as 1 percent.

Slack voter participation could seriously affect Mubarak if the several opposition parties decide to contest the April National Assembly elections, as is expected. Their combined share of the vote could easily reach 30 to 40 percent. They would not win an equal proportion of assembly seats, however, because the election law was drawn up to favor the government party.

The opposition parties have taken a step toward cooperation by appointing representatives to the Committee for the Defense of Democracy, an umbrella group founded by one of Mubarak's main rivals, Khalid Moheiddin, head of the Unionist Progressive Party, which publishes *Al Ahali*, the major antigovernment weekly, with a circulation of 140,000. Moheiddin was a member of the Free Officers, the group Gamal Abdul Nasser formed to carry out the coup against King Farouk in 1952.

The Committee for the Defense of Democracy's membership includes Nasserists, Communists and prerevolutionary Wafdists. The Supreme Guide of the powerful Moslem Brotherhood, Omar El Tilmasani, also attended one of its meetings. The committee's platform includes three major demands: that the Koran be recognized as a source of law in Egypt, that the government rescind the order of "internal exile" Sadat imposed on Patriarch Nazzeer Shenoudah, the Coptic pope, and that the decree banning magazines of the Moslem Brotherhood, the Communist Party and the Coptic community be lifted.

The impressive ideological and religious ecumenism of the committee's membership has Mubarak worried, and the progovernment press has attacked Moheiddin and the Committee for the Defense of Democracy, and has specifically criticized the brotherhood's Supreme Guide for associating with Communists.

■ EGYPT: Beyond the Fringe

In late November, security police in Cairo and other cities arrested thirty-five members of a clandestine organization called Al Tekfir Wal Hijra, a far-out sect which regards itself as an island of true believers in a sea of infidels. Tekfirs refuse to pray in the government mosques and often live in isolated desert communes. The group's founder, Shukri Moustafa, was executed in 1978 for the 1977 assassination of Sadat's minister of religious affairs, and its members were also implicated in Sadat's assassination. (They provided the killers with four grenades and some ammunition.)

Following the arrests, *Al Ahram*, a quasi-official daily, reported that police had found documents containing Tekfir's bylaws and describing its organizational structure. The documents revealed that Tekfir had appointed its own emirs for more than twenty of Egypt's governates. Tekfir is funded largely through contributions from members who work in Persian Gulf countries and who donate two-thirds of their salary to the cause.

The documents demonstrate that despite two years of police surveillance, Tekfir cells exist throughout the country. "The reactionary, conservative challenge is a very real danger," says Mohammed Sid Ahmed, an editor of the opposition's *Al Ahali*. "It is the foremost danger to us today."

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Athens . . . London

Republican strategists may babble all they like about economic recovery and a stronger America commanding respect in the world, but in Western Europe even the most conservative political forces realize that Reaganism's gain is their loss. Allegiance to America, as the acknowledged leader of the free world or what you will, is now being questioned and attacked on all sides, with some significant defections having already taken place. At two high-level European meetings last week, it was possible to trace the fissures and, more important, to see a pattern in them.

The summit meeting of the ten-nation European Economic Community (E.E.C.), which took place in Athens, dealt mainly with the organization's budgetary malaise, which is now critical. The E.E.C. has run out of money with which to subsidize its agricultural policy, its growth has slowed nearly to zero, and as a result, nationalistic and autarchic quarrels are re-emerging beneath the Common Market consensus. The Athens meeting broke up without the heads of government even agreeing on a joint communiqué. The atmosphere between Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and President François Mitterrand verged on the sulfurous.

But speaking in the House of Commons two days later, Thatcher let a huge cat out of its bag. The chief reason for Western Europe's woe, she said, was not the rivalry among Europeans but the economic policy of her old and close friend Ronald Wilson Reagan. High U.S. interest rates and the huge U.S. deficit are robbing Europe of capital investment and creating economic stagnation, she said. To the astonishment of many of her supporters, who are habituated to automatic support for Reagan, she described the American trade deficit as "fantastic," and predicted it would "cause great trouble within twelve months." Comparable statements were made by other heads of government in the last few days, but I mention Thatcher's because it shows how far the disaffection has spread.

The second meeting, in Brussels, was of NATO foreign and defense ministers. By tradition, these gatherings issue unanimous statements at the close of deliberations, but on this occasion such a declaration was impossible because the governments of Spain, Denmark and Greece would not endorse the deployment of American intermediate-range missiles. In the cases of Spain and Greece, opposition to deployment was official and reflected both government and popular opinion. In the case of Denmark, perhaps more significantly, Foreign Minister Uffe Ellemann-Jensen told the meeting that his Parliament had mandated that he disassociate Denmark from deployment. Since he represents a center-right government that is still in power and that toes the line on the cruise missile, this overruling by public and political opinion was striking. The assembled NATO ministers also failed to agree on a call for a cautious attitude toward trade with the Soviet Union, perhaps influenced by Lech Walesa's embarrassing appeal for the lifting of sanctions against Poland.

These elements of discord are, in fact, quite tightly linked. In a little-reported speech delivered at the close of the Athens summit, Greek Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou pointed out that a chief cause of the U.S. deficit was Reagan's pursuit of massive rearmament and nuclear superiority. Because of inflated American interest rates, which increase credit costs to Europe's industries, Europeans are involuntarily financing the American side of the arms race. This is a double subsidy and a double indemnity—though perhaps it will provoke still more of Europe's reserve army of unemployed to demonstrate at the missile sites. The logic of Papandreou's point has not yet sunk in with Thatcher, who is neither an internationalist nor an economist, but it is not lost on other Europeans.

In foreign policy, also, there are individual but related signs of discontent. The most intriguing is the defection of France from the Namibia Contact Group. More interesting than the defection is the reason for it—that the five-nation consortium as led by the United States is too indulgent toward the South African regime to be considered serious about supporting Namibian independence. Since Washington regards French forces in Chad and elsewhere as crucial to its African designs, France's departure can hardly be written off as mere Gallic temperament.

It's not high in the headlines, but U.S. Middle East policy is also acting as a solvent upon relations between Europe and America. The European peacekeeping contingents in Lebanon are held hostage by the vagaries of Weinberger and Shultz. Their governments did not realize that "peacekeeping" meant mounting a guard over American attempts to humiliate Syria, which, no matter its internal regime, is close to the Soviet Union and to Europe, which long ago lost the disagreeable habit of referring to independent nations as "backyards." The Italian forces want to withdraw from Lebanon, and even the British are wondering whether they need be an incidental target in the event of a war that their country does not declare. This is a small metaphor for, and prefiguration of, what would happen in the event of a war in Europe, where "local" governments would have no veto over U.S. actions.

The great bourgeois revolutions of Europe were aimed at abolishing the power of life and death, the power of conscription and command, which were held by antique feudal overlords. They looked, in their best moments, to America for help. Now it is Reagan (assisted by Thatcher and Kohl) who is making every European civilian into a conscript and imposing (and accepting) taxation without representation. Now it is the Reagans and the Weinbergers who arrogate to themselves the power to declare war on behalf of subordinate countries, and to hold the balance of life and death as a matter of power rather than of right. In different and halting ways, Europeans are disputing that perverse and monarchical dispensation. They will no doubt be accused of base ingratitude as a result.

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ARTICLES.

PROCRUSTEAN BEDFELLOWS

Art & the State In South Africa

NADINE GORDIMER

The following two-part essay was delivered at a conference on human rights held in Toronto in October 1981. Writers from all over the world attended the conference, which was sponsored by the Toronto Arts Group for Human Rights.

I

The nature of art in South Africa is determined primarily by the conflict of material interests in South African society. Make no mistake about it, when South African writers and artists gather, they do so rent by that conflict.

Equal economic opportunity, along with civil and parliamentary rights for all 32 million South Africans, is rightly and inevitably the basis for any consideration of the future of the arts there. Man has no control over the measure in which talent is given to this one and withheld from that one, but man, through the state, controls the circumstances in which the artist develops. Innate creativity can be falsified, trivialized, deflected, stifled, deformed and even destroyed by the state and the condition of society it decrees.

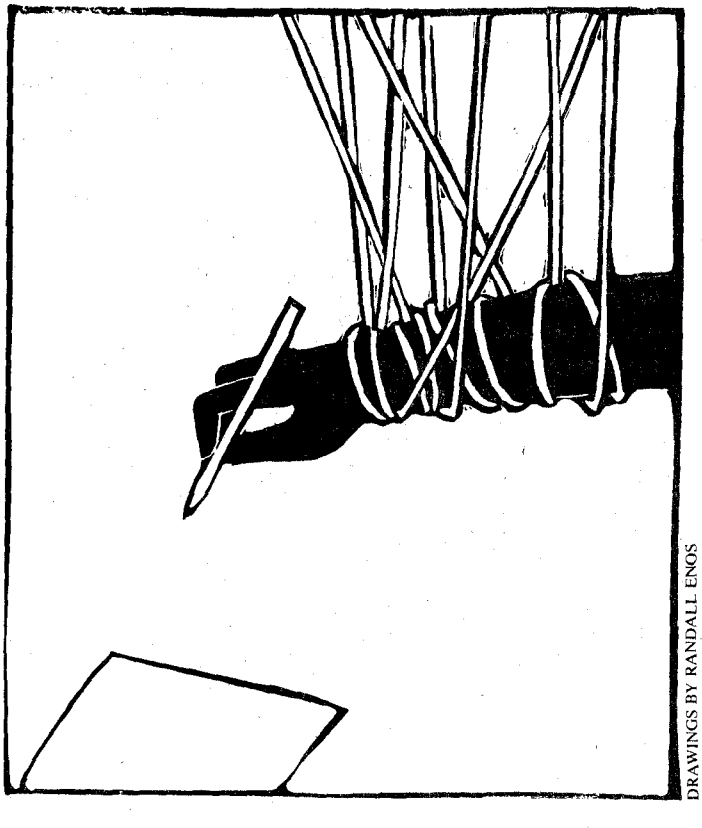
"Courage in his life and talent in his work" is the artist's text, according to one of the greatest, Albert Camus. Certainly, every artist, wherever he lives, however circumstances use him in any society, has to struggle through what Pablo Neruda calls the "labyrinths" of his chosen medium of expression. That is a condition of the artist's being.

As to the artist's place in the outer world, I doubt if any artist ever finds himself in the ideal condition of Hegel's "individual consciousness in wholly harmonious relationship to the external power of society." That's a utopia where we should simply run to fat. But there can have been few if any examples in human history of the degree, variety and intensity of conflict that exists between the South African artist and the external power of society. That external power is at its most obvious in the censorship laws, running amok through literature and every now and then lunging out at the other arts.

Yet it is at the widest level of the formation of our society itself, and not at any specific professional level, that the external power of society enters the breast and brain of the artist and determines the nature and state of art. It is from the daily life of South Africa that have come the conditions of profound alienation that prevail among South African artists. I would go so far as to say the sum of various states of alienation *is* the nature of art in South Africa at present.

I am not invoking the concept of alienation in the purely Marxist sense, as the consequence of man's relation to the means of production, although that undoubtedly is apposite to the industrialization of millions of blacks under apartheid and therefore apposite to our society as a whole. There are many other ways in which man becomes divided from others and distanced from himself. Alienation as such is a condition of rejecting and/or being rejected. The black artist lives in a society that has rejected his culture for hundreds of years. He has turned his alienation in the face of those who rejected him, and has made of his false consciousness the inevitable point of departure toward true selfhood. The white artist belongs to the white culture that rejected black culture, and is now itself rejected by black culture. The white born in and nurtured by South Africa is the *non-European* whose society nevertheless refused to acknowledge and take root with an indigenous culture. He is also the *nonblack*, whom blacks see as set apart from indigenous culture. And the question that lowers over him is whether this position is a dead end or can be made a new beginning.

Any homogeneity in the nature of the work produced by these artists, black and white, is brought about by what shackles them together rather than by what they share. South African artists belong to the Dionysiac "disintegrated



DRAWINGS BY RANDALL ENOS

Nadine Gordimer, the South African novelist, is the author of Burger's Daughter *and* July's People *(both Viking). This essay will appear in* The Writer and Human Rights, *edited by the Toronto Arts Group for Human Rights, which will be published by Anchor Press/Doubleday on January 27. Proceeds from the book will be donated to Amnesty International.* *Copyright © 1983 Toronto Arts Group for Human Rights.*

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consciousness" that Hegel defines by its antagonism to the external power of society. If by nothing else, they seem to be united in the wish to be free of imposed social circumstances, although they would define those in accordance with a widely differing experience of circumstantial reality. From a disintegrated consciousness, blacks and whites seek wholeness in themselves and a reconnection with the voltage of social dynamism.

Opposition to an existing society implies a hunger to create and identify with another and better one. The abjuration of a set of values implies an intention to create and relate to another set. For the artist, that implication becomes part of the transformations of reality that are his work.

"Relevance" and "commitment" are conceptualizations of this movement. They become the texts claimed by artists who, individually, understand different things by them, but they also become the demands made upon the artist by his people. Relevance and commitment pulse back and forth between the artist and society. In a place and time like South Africa in the last quarter of the twentieth century, relevance and commitment have become, in the words of Lionel Trilling, "the criteria of art and the qualities of personal life of men that may be enhanced or diminished by art."

"Relevance" and "commitment." How close are these terms that question the existence of the writer in South Africa today? In fact, they are juxtaposed as much as cognate. And in this, again, they signify the tension between the artist and his society, in which his creativity is generated. For relevance has to do with outside events, while commitment comes from within.

For the black artist at this stage in his development, relevance is the supreme criterion. It is that by which his work will be judged *by his own people*, and *they* are the supreme authority, since it is only through them that he can break out of his alienation. This is the cultural credo of the Black Consciousness movement. The Black Consciousness thinker Bennie Khoapa states that the black artist's only option is personal transformation; he must be ready to phase himself out of the role of carrier to what the black poet Mafika Pascal Gwala calls white, official "swimming pool and caravan culture" in South Africa. The external reality to which relevance paces out the measure of the black artist's work is not a step away from him: another black writer, Njabulo Ndebele, says that blacks are operating from within "a crushing intellectual and educational environment." And from the perspective of Europe, Sartre's philosophical dictum sums up: "The exploited experience exploitation *as their reality*." Therefore, the black artist has only to do what every artist must in order to become an artist: face his own reality. As a black, he will also have internalized the standard of relevance set up outside. Then, theoretically, he has solved the esthetic and social problem; he has put himself in a meaningful relationship to his society.

But relevance, in the context of the absolutes placed upon the black artist by the new society to which he is dedicated, has another demand. Struggle is the state of the black collective consciousness, and art is its weapon; the black artist accepts this as the imperative of his time. Now, weapons are inevitably expected to be used within an orthodoxy prescribed for the handling of such things. There is a kit of reliable emotive phrases for black writers, a ready-made esthetic for black painters and sculptors, an unwritten index of subjects for black playwrights and a list of approved images for black photographers. Agitprop, as it does always, everywhere, binds the artist with the means by which it aims to free the minds of the people. It licenses a phony subart. Yet the black artist is aware that he is committed, not only through a conscious, voluntary act but in the survival of his own being and personality, to black liberation. It is at this point, as an artist, that commitment takes over, and the black artist has to assert the right to search out his own demotic artistic vocabulary with which to breathe new life and courage into his people. His commitment is the point at which inner and outer worlds fuse; his purpose to master his art and his purpose to change the nature of art, to create new forms and norms out of and for a people recreating themselves, become one aim.

For the black artist, the tendentiousness of the nature of art goes without question. He cannot choose the terms of his relevance or his commitment because in no other community but the predicated one that blacks have set up inside themselves are his values the norm. Anywhere else—which is to say, in a society ordered and dominated by whites—he is not in possession of selfhood.

The white artist is not quite in the reverse position; that would be too neat for the psychological complexity of South Africa's curious cultural norms. He can, if he wishes, find his work's referent in an esthetic or ontological movement within the value system traditional to whites. White South African culture will not repudiate him if he does. Even if he was to decide to be relevant to and find commitment only to himself, or (if a writer) to dedicate himself to Anthony Burgess's definition of literature purely as "the esthetic exploitation of the word," he could still find some kind of artistic validity so long as he was content to stay within the kind of freedom offered by that closed white value system. Yet the generally tendentious nature of art—overwhelmingly tendentious in writing, if less consciously so in painting and the plastic arts—in South Africa shows that few white artists take up these options. One could reverse the proposition and say they don't "opt out," if it were not for the fact that the rejection of whites-only values by no means implies a concomitant "opting in" to black culture. The white artist who sees or feels instinctively that exclusively white-based values are in an unrecognized state of alienation knows that he will not be accepted, cannot be accepted by black culture, which is seeking to define itself *without the reference* to those values that his very presence among blacks represents.

If the white artist is to break out of his double alienation now, he too has to recognize a false consciousness within himself; he too has to discard a white-based value system which, it is fashionable to say, "no longer" corresponds to the real entities of South African life but which, in fact, never did. Unlike the black, he does not have a direct, natural, congenital attachment to these entities. We are

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speaking here not of artistic modes and forms but of the substance of living from which the artist draws his vision. Exploitation by whites, which blacks *experience as their reality*, is something the white artist repudiates, refuses to be the agent of. It is outside himself; he experiences it as surrogate victim through a moral attitude or rational empathy. Thus, the black creation of new selfhood is based on a reality that he, as a white, cannot claim and that could not serve him if he did, since it is not his order of experience.

If the white is to find his true consciousness, express in his work the realities of his place and time, if he is to reach the stage where commitment rises within him to a new set of values based on those realities, he has to admit openly that the order of his experience as a white differs completely from the order of black experience. He has to see the concomitant necessity of finding a different way from that open to the black artist, to reconnect his art through his life to the total reality of the disintegrating present and to attempt, by rethinking his own attitudes and conceptions, the same position the black artist aims for: to be seen as relevant by and become committed to commonly understood, commonly created cultural entities corresponding to a common reality—which is to say, an indigenous culture.

II

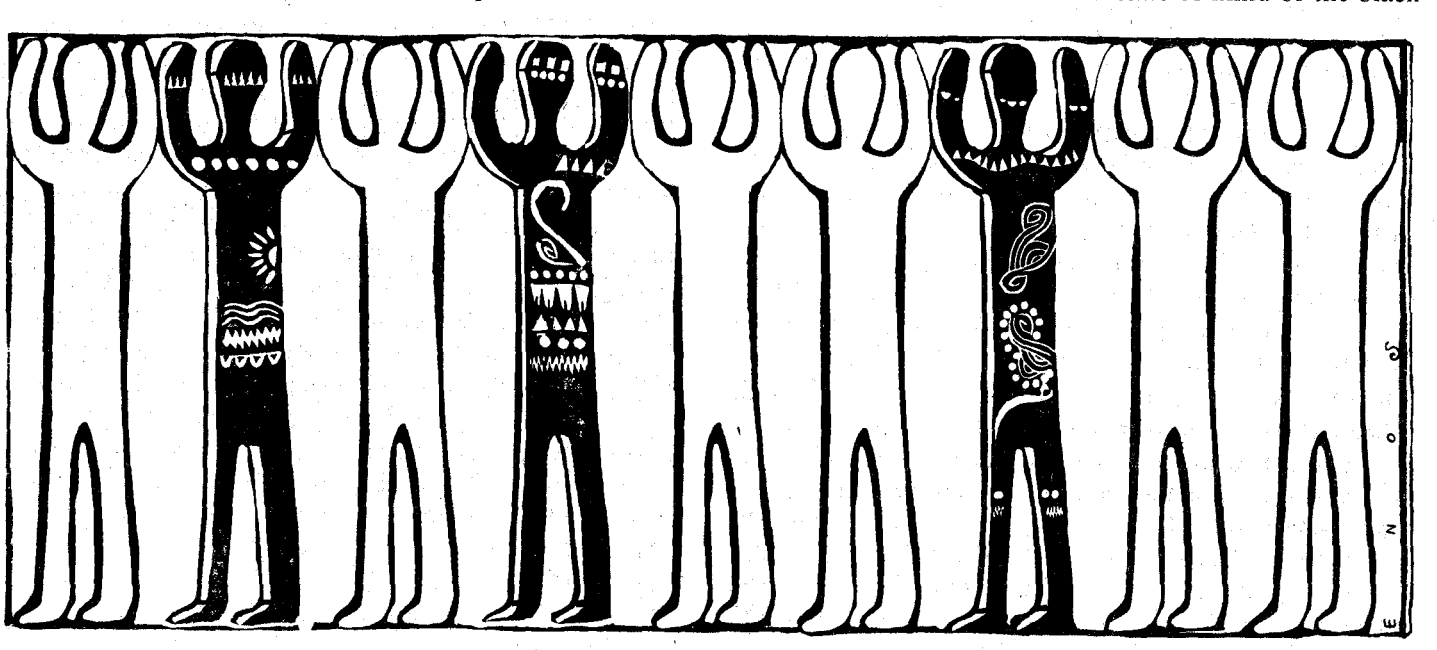
I once wrote that the best way to write was to do so as if one were already dead: afraid of no one's reactions, answerable to no one for one's views. I still think that is the way to write. Insofar as no one forces a writer to visualize an "audience" (unless he has one eye on the bank), to imagine who it is who is going to be moved, shocked, delighted, incensed or perhaps illuminated by the piece of work in hand, it is possible to keep to this ideal of a writer's freedom. But in the circumstances of political and social pressure applicable to writers under consideration at our conference, this basis of the writer's basic freedom is beleaguered from without and psychologically threatened from within.

In the society in which I live and work—apartheid South Africa—the legal framework of censorship affects the work even of dead writers, so there's no freedom to be gained there, in my dictum of writing as if from beyond the grave. A banned work remains banned, even if the writer is no longer living, just as it does in the case of the exiled writer, who is alive but civically "dead" in his own country.

Censorship of literature is procured chiefly by two statutes, the Internal Security Act of 1950 and the Publications Act No. 42 of 1974. Together those statutes aim to insure that the South African reader is deprived not only of sexually titillating magazines, books and films but also of serious works that question, radically, the institutions and practices of a society based on racial discrimination. Together those statutes are designed to preserve political orthodoxy according to the ruling color and class by isolating the public from radical political thought and contemporary literary trends.

The Internal Security Act is aimed at suppressing overtly political writing, but its legislative tentacles have also strangled a substantial body of creative writing, since in the words of Thomas Mann, in some eras and some countries, "politics is fate," and imaginative writing has always been occupied, in one interpretation or another, with human fate. The Internal Security Act functions as a censor by providing for the banning of both publications *and* writers. In the first instance, the act authorizes the banning of any publication that expresses views "calculated to further the achievement of any of the objects of communism." That "any" means that the precepts of human rights common to the spectrum of progressive thought, from liberalism to communism, are lumped together, along with the actual advocacy of violent overthrow of the state, under the general heading of subversion.

It was under this act that the moderate, wide-circulation black daily newspaper the *World* was banned in 1977. The relevant clause invoked stated that the newspaper had served "as a means for expressing views or conveying information the publication of which is calculated to endanger the security of the State or the maintenance of public order." What the *World* had indeed been publishing was an accurate account of the actions and state of mind of the black



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population of South Africa, and of Soweto in particular, in the year of school boycotts that followed the black children's and students' uprising against second-class education in 1976, and in the labor unrest which gathered momentum in 1977.

Other provisions of the act have the power to impose a ban not merely on a single publication such as the *World* but on *all* the utterances as well as the writings of certain individuals. Persons whose views may not be quoted at all in South Africa in terms of Section 11 of the act fall into several categories. First, members of organizations outlawed under the Internal Security Act; second, persons banned by the Minister of Justice, under Section 9, from attending gatherings, on the ground that they have engaged in activities that further the achievement of any of the objects of communism. In the 1960s, a whole generation of black South African writers living abroad were listed under a third category, which bans former residents of South Africa who, again in the opinion of the Minister of Justice, "advocate or engage in activities abroad calculated to further the achievement of any of the objects of communism." The writers include Alex La Guma, Dennis Brutus, Ezekiel Mphahlele and the late Can Themba. Of them, only the works of Mphahlele, with the passage of time and his return to South Africa under a restricted academic dispensation, have been released from this ban. A few white writers in exile, notably Albie Sachs and Mary Benson, are prevented from being read in South Africa by a similar type of ban.

With the rise, during the 1970s, of the Black Consciousness movement, with its emphasis on the cultural arm of the black struggle for human rights, a number of young black writers and aspiring writers have been prevented from publishing their work because they are banned under Section 9, which forbids their attendance at gatherings. A ban of this nature would seem to have little to do with writers, since they don't do their writing at public gatherings. But these young writers see their literary activity as an integral part of their political activity. Most are active as speakers at political meetings and as poets or short-story writers at home. If the ban that prevents them from attending gatherings usually is imposed not because of anything they have written but because of their platform or organizational activity, or the part they have played in boycotts or strikes, nevertheless that ban falls upon their writings, since it implies that nothing they say or write may be quoted or published. Thus, a fairy tale or a love poem by one of these writers may not be published any more than a political statement one of them may have made.

Other writers are silenced by a ban in the first category of Section 11 because they are or are alleged to be members of organizations outlawed under the Internal Security Act. Since 1976, this has meant the Christian Institute, a nonracial radical church organization, as well as the various Black Consciousness movements and, of course, the mass liberatory movements of the 1950s and 1960s—the A.N.C. (African National Congress) and P.A.C. (Pan-African Congress). Among individuals recently banned are Zwelakhe Sisulu (prominent journalist and son of Walter Sisulu, a great A.N.C. leader imprisoned with Nelson Mandela on Robben Island), Phil Mtimkulu, Joe Thloloe, Charles Ngakula, Mathatha Tsedu, Mari Subramoney, Vuyisile Mdleleni, all journalists and/or writers. Amanda Kwadi was detained for some weeks and released just before I left South Africa a month ago.

Needless to say, South Africa's infamous practice of detention without trial has effectively silenced various black writers, sometimes for long periods. Of those who have been brought to trial, few have been charged on the evidence of their writings, with the notable exception of the famous SASO (South African Students Organization) trial in the 1970s, when the chief evidence was plays and poems written by some of the accused. Yet all detained writers without exception are prevented from writing; some, released without ever having been charged with any offense, are nevertheless served with bans upon their release, which then silence them outside prison as well. All prohibitions under the Internal Security Act are characterized by the absoluteness of their terms and by the arbitrary nature of their imposition.

The Publications Act of 1974 replaces the Publications and Entertainments Act of 1963, which banned not only books by South African writers but also books by Edmund Wilson, Mary McCarthy, Philip Roth and John Updike, in addition to those by writers one might expect, such as Eldridge Cleaver and Franz Fanon. Under the old legislation, writers were banned by a Publications Control Board, but they had a right to appeal to South Africa's Supreme Court. Although relatively few appeals against the board's decisions were brought into court, a number of its decisions were reversed by the Supreme Court. This led to the present Publications Act, which excludes the right of appeal to the court. Under this act, Kurt Vonnegut is one of the most recent American writers to join the list of foreign writers banned in South Africa.

The 1974 act established a government-appointed Directorate of Publications, which is responsible for the overall administration of the act. The directorate appoints committees which are given the task of deciding whether publications, objects, films and public entertainment referred to them by the directorate are "undesirable" within the meaning of the act. Appeals can be made only to the Appeal Board set up by the directorate itself.

"Undesirability" is defined thus:

> A publication, object, film or public entertainment is deemed undesirable if it:
>
> is indecent or obscene or is offensive or harmful to public morals;
>
> is blasphemous or is offensive to the religious convictions or feelings of any section of the inhabitants of the Republic;
>
> if it is harmful to the relations between any sections of the inhabitants of the Republic;
>
> if it is prejudicial to the safety of the State, the general welfare or the peace and good order of the State.

In the application of the act, it is laid down that "particular regard" is to be paid to "the constant endeavor of the population of the Republic of South Africa to uphold a Christian view of life"—this in a population where there

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exist the claims of traditional African, Moslem, Hindu and Jewish religious and secular moralities. Moreover, for the purpose of determining undesirability, the motive of the author is irrelevant. A work may be found undesirable if *any part of it* is undesirable—a principle that reached its apogee when a Gore Vidal novel was banned on the ground that one passage compared the Holy Trinity to male genitalia.

The production and distribution of works declared undesirable is a criminal offense. Sexual candor aside, the most dangerous ground the writer treads is in the area of open or implied criticism of the institutions of state (in particular the police and defense), the administration of justice and the politico-legal apparatus of so-called separate development for people of different colors; in the sympathetic treatment of black liberation movements and radical opponents of the status quo; and in explicit accounts of interracial sexual relations. More and more in the last five years, sympathetic or even simply honest treatment of black liberation movements and the activities of all other radical opponents, of all colors, of the union between capitalism and racial oppression in South Africa have increasingly become the areas to which censorship reacts most strongly.

Under the strictures of these repressive acts, how does a writer work?

In the twenty years since censorship was introduced in South Africa, writers' attitudes have changed to meet it in different ways, and in relation to the different contexts of their lives in a grossly unequal society.

At the beginning, black writers were little interested in censorship. White writers were concerned with the one area where apartheid limited the lives of black and white alike, but black writers saw the suppression of freedom of expression as the least tangible and therefore the least of the different aspects of oppression experienced in their daily lives. Without freedom to sell their labor, without freedom of movement, without freedom of association—in a phrase, "with the passbook in their pockets"—the risk of having a book banned seemed trivial. At the beginning of the 1960s, it was difficult to get black intellectuals to sign protests against censorship. But after the banning of the black mass movements with their populist appeal, the renaissance of the black spirit of liberation was cupped in the hands of young blacks who saw, in a police state situation where overt political consciousness-raising was impossible, the importance of cultural consciencization. They looked to writers to imbue the new generation with a sense of identity and pride in that identity through song and story rather than taboo political doctrine. They saw those writers, as I have already said, as the cultural fist of liberation. It was then that censorship no longer seemed irrelevant. This coincided, roughly, with a hardening in the attitude of progressive white writers, who changed their tactic of, in a sense, cooperating with the hated censorship by appealing when a book was banned to the tactic of noncooperation with any functions of censorship. The principle of "publish and be damned" ran up its flag.

That principle has been implemented, to a surprising extent, by the formation of small publishing houses, mainly by people who are themselves writers. These publishers, unlike the rich British publishers operating as a fossilized colonial outpost in South Africa, were prepared to lose the little money they had if a book should be banned from sale, in the hope that at least some copies would be circulated before the ax fell. That is the way many books reach readers in South Africa today, and the way in which writers tread the dangerous ground of subjects I have referred to.

Conscious and unconscious self-censorship and stylistic defenses are questions with which I have already dealt. There remains to be said that as the situation in South Africa has become more and more crisis-ridden, painful and dangerous, the fear that prompted self-censorship has been cast out. And so something of the writer's innate freedom has been regained. □

DESTABILIZING SPACE

Star Wars—From Scenario to Fact

JOHN TIRMAN

Outer space is again in the limelight. The movie *The Right Stuff*, which celebrates the NASA heroes of the 1960s, is merely the most visible evidence; in October, upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of NASA, cover stories in *Omni*, *Science '83* and *High Technology* heralded the new era of space factories and labs. Entrepreneurs speak of mining on the moon, producing microchips and blending drugs in weightless orbital aeries. The more intrepid among them are launching their own space vehicles.

The frontiers of science and technology are always quickly populated by Pentagon pioneers, and space is no exception. The Reagan Administration has embarked on a space weapons program that could drive the arms race into an extraterrestrial arena and revolutionize U.S. defense policy. Antisatellite weapons (ASATs) about to be tested and ultimately deployed could lead to a ballistic missile defense (BMD) system in space. Such a system is years from deployment, but the concept is so provocative that a major research and development effort could upset the strategic balance and bury all hopes for arms control.

Space has been considered a sanctuary from weapons ever since 1955, when President Eisenhower announced his "open skies" doctrine. Subsequently, international treaties prohibited the deployment of nuclear arms in space and protected satellites used for treaty verification. Nevertheless, the militarization of space has proceeded apace. The United States and the Soviet Union each have about 100 orbiting satellites that serve military purposes. The United States has satellites for communications, navigation, meteorology,

John Tirman is senior editor at the Union of Concerned Scientists.

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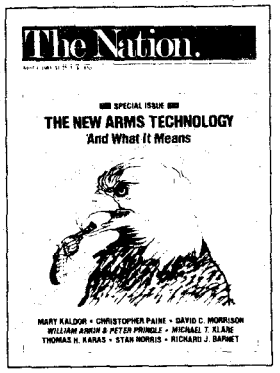
OF INTEREST

'The New Arms Technology And What It Means'



From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. This April 9 special issue, which recently won an Olive Branch Award for "outstanding coverage of the nuclear arms issue," examines and explains the latest advances in conventional and nuclear weapons technology and their impact on arms control efforts. Copies are available for $3 each.

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early warning of attacks, intelligence, ocean reconnaissance and the like; the Russians are similarly equipped. The Pentagon groups these capabilities under the rubric command, control, communications and intelligence—C^3I for short. They are essential to arms control. Without the intelligence provided by eyes and ears in the sky, verification of treaties would be impossible.

Obviously, satellites are stabilizing elements in the rivalry between the superpowers. Equally obvious, the deployment of ASATs would be destabilizing. Attacks on spy or early-warning satellites would be regarded not only as an act of war but as the first step in a major—probably nuclear—assault. According to defense expert and longtime Pentagon consultant Richard Garwin, "War in space is not an alternative to war on earth but a *prelude* to war on earth." If President Reagan has his way, however, the stability "open skies" afforded will be jeopardized by a new generation of ASATs and, in the next decade, by high-tech defenses against Soviet ballistic missiles. What is becoming clear is that the two systems are intimately related.

Antisatellite weaponry is not new. In the 1950s the United States tested a nuclear-tipped ASAT intended for use against orbiting nuclear weapons, but neither it nor its projected target was deployed. The Army and the Air Force each tested and deployed a ground-based ASAT in the 1960s, one of which was designed as a ballistic missile defense system. Each has since been "retired." In 1968 the Soviet Union began developing an ASAT, using a modified SS-9 ICBM as a booster. It is capable of hitting only satellites in low orbits, up to 1,000 miles above the earth. By just about everyone's reckoning, the Soviet ASAT is primitive, has a low rate of success in tests and poses no significant threat to U.S. satellites. Indeed, one observer dismissed it as a "blunderbuss."

Since satellites are smaller than an automobile and not heavy enough to withstand much abuse, they could be destroyed by something as simple as shrapnel. The technical challenge in developing effective ASATs lies in boosting and targeting. The task of simply hitting a satellite orbiting 22,000 miles above the earth is daunting enough, but an enemy can make it even more difficult by taking countermeasures such as jamming the ASAT guidance system.

These problems have apparently stymied the Russians. In 1979 Gen. David Jones, then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, observed that the Russians "have not had a test program that would cause us to believe that it [ASAT] is a very credible threat," and there is little evidence that their capability has improved much since then.

The Air Force began developing a sophisticated ASAT in the mid-1970s, and is expected to test the launcher soon. The new weapon and its booster rocket will be launched from an F-15 fighter. When it is perfected, the ASAT will be able to attack low-orbit Soviet satellites at any time and the high-orbit Soviet early-warning satellites when they are within range over the South Pole. It is expected that the U.S. weapon will be superior to its Soviet counterpart and easier to conceal.

The decision to go forward with the ASAT project was

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made during the Carter Administration, and as with the Euromissiles, a two-track strategy was adopted: build the weapon while negotiating a ban on it with the Russians. But the United States broke off the talks in 1980, shortly after the Russians invaded Afghanistan, and the political pressures of the Presidential election prevented their resumption. The Reagan Administration has refused to return to the bargaining table, although the Soviet Union has repeatedly proposed ASAT bans in the United Nations.

The Administration's position was outlined concisely in a letter dated August 17 from Adm. Jonathan T. Howe, director of the State Department's Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs, to Hans Bethe, Nobel Prizewinning physicist and ASAT opponent. "The U.S. ASAT capability," wrote Howe, "is twofold: first, to deter threats to our own space systems, and second, within such limits as are imposed by international law, to deny any adversary the use of space-based systems that provide support for hostile military forces. We consider this a prudent response to the existing Soviet ASAT weapon, and to Soviet deployment in recent years of a number of military satellites which, while not weapons themselves, are designed to support directly the USSR's terrestrial forces in the event of a conflict."

The Administration also contends that ASAT negotiations cannot go forward until "verification problems" are solved. "Difficult space arms control verification problems must be resolved before serious negotiations are undertaken," Kenneth Adelman, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last May. "It would be difficult to preclude the possibility of a covert supply of [Soviet] ASAT systems for use in a crisis," he added. Indeed, the alleged difficulty in verifying Soviet compliance is the principal stated reason for White House resistance to ASAT negotiations.

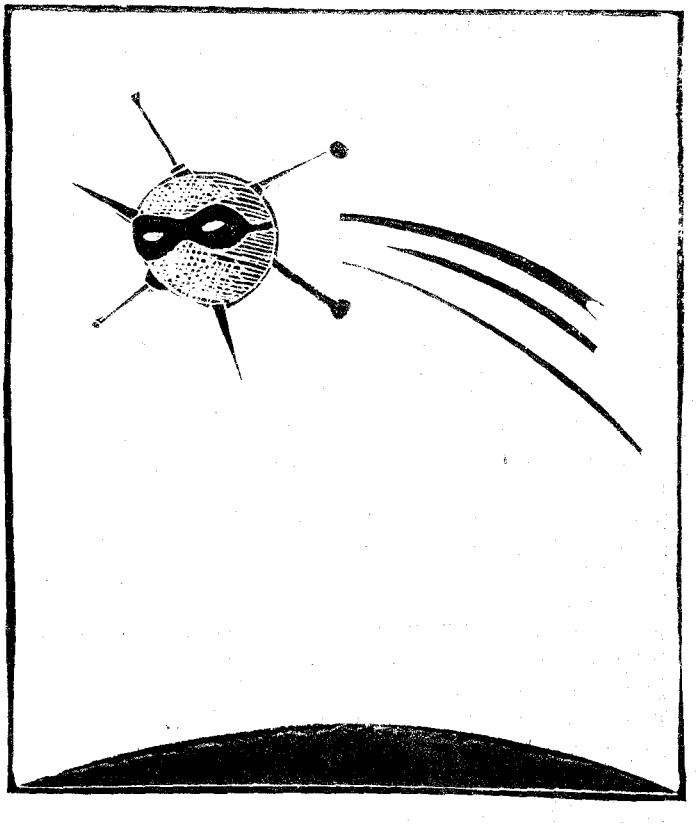
As a phalanx of scientists and military analysts have pointed out, however, the Administration's rationales are weak and, one suspects, disingenuous. The United States would not need to "deter" Soviet ASATs if they were negotiated away. In the unlikely event that the Soviet blunderbusses knocked crucial American satellites out of the sky during a war, replacement satellites could be boosted quickly into orbit and nonsatellite means of communication, command and intelligence could be made available. Various "survivability" tactics could be employed as countermeasures to Soviet ASATs; for example, the "migration" of satellites to higher orbits, outside the range of Soviet ASATs. Merely increasing the number of U.S. satellites would diminish the Soviet threat as well.

The second rationale—that the United States must be able to attack Soviet satellites that would provide strategic information to ground forces in a conventional war, say, a Soviet invasion of Western Europe—is equally fatuous. U.S. attacks on C^3I satellites would almost certainly escalate a conventional conflict. If one side felt that it might lose its ability to guide its ICBMs to their targets, it would probably feel impelled to attack the other side's missiles before that navigational capability was lost. Some independent analysts say an effective, bilateral ASAT ban is clearly in America's interest because U.S. forces depend so heavily on satellites. Soviet conventional and nuclear forces are based largely on one continent and are thus accessible by ground-based communications. U.S. forces, by contrast, are scattered. Indeed, the chief weakness of the submarine leg of the U.S. nuclear triad is the unreliability of communications between Washington and sub commanders.

As for the third sticking point, the "verification problem," most experts outside the Administration hold that an ASAT ban can be verified. The main difficulty is that killer satellites are small and easily concealed. But as John Pike, an arms analyst with the Federation of American Scientists, points out, "This is like worrying about whether someone has a bullet in his pocket when it is plain that he is not carrying a gun. Without the gun, the bullets are of little concern. The Soviet ASAT is launched atop a rocket that is about the size of three buses parked end to end. A ban on the deployment of such a massive weapon could be readily verified." And Richard Garwin observes that a treaty is preferable to unlimited space weaponry: "It is much easier to detect a violation of such a treaty than to determine which of an enormous array of permitted activities in the absence of a treaty are a threat to U.S. security."

The most serious verification problem, according to Pike, Garwin and others, is posed by the American ASAT, which fits neatly under the belly of an F-15. "Once this new weapon is tested to operational readiness," Pike says, "the Soviets would have little confidence in their ability to verify a ban on its deployment. Clearly, the time to achieve limits on such weapons is now, while it is still possible."

If the time is right and American interests would be served by an ASAT treaty, why doesn't the Administration negotiate one? Observers suspect that the White House is delay-



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ing so it can develop the new generation of space weapons the President called for in his so-called Star Wars speech of March 23. A ballistic missile defense system would require the development of X-ray guns, particle beam and laser weapons and other exotica capable of stopping Soviet ICBMs at liftoff. Many experts agree that for a BMD system to work, it would have to destroy Soviet ICBMs in the "boost phase," which lasts for only a few minutes after firing. The problems of alerting, targeting and tracking BMD weapons are immense—so immense that most independent scientists dismiss Reagan's Star Wars scenario as a fantasy.

Nonetheless, the Administration is proceeding with its plans to build a BMD system. The Defensive Technologies Study Team, directed by former NASA chief James Fletcher, recommended that $18 billion to $27 billion be spent between 1985 and 1989 to solve the technical problems of developing space weapons. Of course the ultimate cost will be, appropriately, astronomical. The Pentagon is applying the findings of the Future Security Strategy Study, which researched the strategic use of BMDs, and those of the Fletcher group in a far-reaching program to demonstrate BMD feasibility by the early 1990s. The two groups' recommendations have the imprimatur of Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, and it is expected that the President will incorporate some of them in his 1985 defense budget proposal in January. All this despite the fact that the testing and deployment of such weaponry is clearly prohibited by the 1972 Antiballistic Missile Treaty.

BMD development will accelerate the arms race—in both its offensive and defensive phases. In order to defeat even a partially effective U.S. defensive shield, the Soviet Union would develop every conceivable offensive weapon in addition to seeking its own defensive technologies. Once the U.S. hardware was ready for deployment, the Russians would have a strong incentive to launch a pre-emptive strike. The pursuit of these technologies, then, signals a radical departure from the traditional U.S. policy of deterrence. It is in keeping with the Administration's feverish race to acquire a "warfighting" capability through first-strike weapons like the MX and Trident II.

The role antisatellite weapons would play in the Star Wars scenario is easy to imagine. Some of the technology planned for ASATs is quite similar to that envisioned for a BMD system. For example, a White House report leaked to *Aviation Week and Space Technology* indicates that certain laser technologies will be tested as if they were antisatellite weapons. Thus, although BMD development is a violation of the ABM Treaty, it could proceed "legally" if it were disguised as ASAT research. The Administration's reason for not wanting to negotiate a ban on space weapons with the Russians is clear: it intends to use ASAT R&D as a front for its ballistic missile defense effort. That may also explain why the Russians are so anxious to reach an ASAT accord.

Already the advocates of Star Wars weapons in Congress have seized the high ground. Representative Ken Kramer introduced a People Protection Act, saying, "Mutually Assured Destruction is a morally bankrupt philosophy that places government in the untenable position of refusing to defend its citizenry." Ironically, some of the same people who spurred the buildup of *offensive* weapons are now decrying that race in order to promote a *defensive* arms program.

As insane as the space weapons idea seems, there is a method to the Administration's madness. Listen to Edward Teller, a Reagan adviser and one of the sires of the Star Wars initiative: "There are . . . numerous advocates of arms reduction to be accomplished by negotiations and treaties with the Soviet Union. We pursued this path for more than a quarter of a century. The results have been a shift of military power to the Soviet Union and a steadily increasing danger to world peace." Pursuing BMDs and ASATs with such unbridled zeal is a deft subversion of arms control. The right wing has always derided détente, and the rush to develop and deploy space weaponry will insure an armed-to-the-teeth confrontation.

NASA's silver anniversary may be remembered not as the beginning of a brave new world of space commerce and achievement but as the end of a quarter-century of relatively peaceful exploration of the outer limits. If President Reagan has his way, the United States will embark on a most perilous phase of space exploitation, one which will bankrupt both our national treasury and the world's hopes for peace. □

Christmas

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Chorus" while the congregation left the church carrying candles into the night, had been abandoned; all those candles were "too dangerous." I realized then that I was truly a reactionary; the local congregation, although generally conservative, had not seemed to mind the innovations. But I did, and I declared that there was no reason for me to go to the service. My mother knows when I mean what I say, and since then she has gone to an earlier service so that she does not have to come home late by herself.

But this Christmas Eve, I said I would go with her to the midnight service. Later, as we left the house, I saw the happiness in my mother's eyes and realized it was easy to give her something she wanted. What is ironic is that I wasn't trying to do that at all. I was trying to give myself something I needed.

I do not know precisely what it is. I only know that I am hungry for *something*. Perhaps a sense of calm and order, of precise timing, controlled reaction, of prophecies fulfilled. Or perhaps only the sense that somewhere, never mind exactly where, something good and right and fair is happening which someday, never mind exactly when, will make itself apparent; that in some distant constellation a star has flamed to unaccustomed brilliance, and what we must do is wait for the arrival of the light. I did not know

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that I would find anything like that in the United Methodist Church, but it was the only place that I could think of.

The town is oddly busy, oddly quiet. The square at 10:30 on a winter night would usually be as empty as Siberia; tonight it is full of cars and people on their way to services at the several churches—Lutheran, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, as well as Methodist. But they make no noise. It seems as if the air were deadened by fog, the ground obscured by muffling snow. But there is no snow; it is a midnight clear. The stars shine balefully.

We are early for the service, among the first to take our bulletins and candles from the ushers and make our way up the carpeted aisle. We have our choice of pews, and a lot of time to look over the order of service.

The Methodists, it appears, have waxed weary of liturgical innovation: the service outlined is so traditional it draws not only on the Gospels but on the Prophets. I am pleased as I busy myself with the hymnal, finding the first carol. At precisely 10:45, the organist begins the prelude.

The music, Randall Thompson's setting for "The Last Words of David," could be called modern, but I do not mind. It is one of my favorite pieces; I have sung it a dozen times, and hearing the notes, I remember the words: "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." Remembering, I begin to feel a sense of happiness and calm. Then it strikes me that this is not precisely the music one might want to begin a Christmas service, and I worry that the thing is going to be some kind of hodgepodge of dissonant elements, a service in name only.

But then I see a connection, recalling the Scriptures from which those words come, passages that tell how as a young man, David was appointed ruler and promised that from his loins would spring a dynasty which would endure long after he himself was sleeping with his fathers, and how as an aging and willful monarch, he enforced a policy—the counting of his nation's fighting men—that incurred the wrath of Jehovah. Offered a multiple choice of divine retribution—seven years of famine, three months of invasion or three days of pestilence—David chose pestilence. But after 70,000 had died, David begged that the consequences of his actions fall not upon the people but upon himself. He made a sacrifice, and the plague was stayed. David, who died soon after, slept with his ancestors, as God had promised he would, in a place that came to be called the City of David—Bethlehem. The connection is there, and it reassures me; I lean back against the pew and begin, for the first time since my morning coffee, to relax.

The church is filling quickly now. The pew in front of me is occupied from one end to the other by a single family: a great-grandmother in her 80s, a set of grandparents in their 60s, parents in their 40s, four or five children in their teens and 20s, one daughter or daughter-in-law who is on the way to adding still another generation. It is that kind of congregation, that kind of town. I do not have to look around to know that links of an unbroken chain will be duplicated in every pew; children come home for Christmas in this town, and the families go to church. They have Christmas trees and decorations, and they take pictures of people opening gifts. They don't use instant cameras because it is more important to get a lot of good prints from each negative than to see what happened right away. They are not rich people—church is the reason many of the men own a suit—but they are not poor, for the most part. They own their homes and a little land; some have businesses or farms that are run without a lot of aggressive imagination, perhaps, but with care and responsibility, and often as family operations. They believe in the Ten Commandments. It is still something of a disgrace to put an aging parent in a home, and adultery, although not as uncommon as they might want you to believe, is still a cause for scandal. They care about high-school football and wrestling, about cheerleading contests and the school band. The local paper, which devotes a page or two to national news, could never be replaced by *The New York Times*. They are good people. They are too quick to reject a new idea, too slow to accept a newcomer in town, too fond of the way things are, too determined to ignore any criticism of the way things used to be. But they are steadfast in belief, accepting and understanding and willing to help their neighbors, generous with their substance, proud of their families.

I know those things about them because I am so much like them. Oh, there is a widening gulf between us. I started out as a teen-age Republican, then kept clean for Gene, rang doorbells for Humphrey and finally took passage for points on the extreme left. They were for Nixon in '60, and in '68 and '72, and for Ford in '76. They really liked Goldwater and they turned handsprings for Reagan. That is just one of many ways my life has not turned out at all like theirs. In fact, it never was much like theirs, although they would not believe it, and that itself makes the gulf wider.

Yet in every basic way we are the same. My leftward voy-

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age has shown me that politics, like the earth, is round; I am as conservative as they are, perhaps more so. The only difference is, I am conservative not by birth or reaction but by circumnavigation.

And so I wonder, as the prelude comes to its quiet end, if they have come here feeling as I do, searching as I do. Do they have a sense of being at a turning point this Christmas Eve, a sense of need? I think I can detect it in the people around me, but I am given to flights of fancy.

The service is all I had hoped it would be. The theme of ancestry denoted by the prelude is carried through in a careful weaving of Scriptures, the reading done not by the minister but by an optometrist, with a clear and rhythmic voice:

> And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots. And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord. And shall make of him a quick understanding. And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears: But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth. . . .

Suddenly I realize what I have come here looking for: just exactly what is being promised. I am looking for a leader like the one described. The thought frightens me. Never before have I felt in need of a leader. I have always believed that I knew what needed to be done, and had a pretty good idea of how to go about doing it. Oh, when it came to matters of public policy, I was among the masses that the politicians always assume are treading along in the rear. But I wasn't, really. I complained. I cursed them for being fools. My idea of a good leader was someone who did what I would have done if I had the time or the opportunity or the interest. But now, I realize, that is no longer so. It has all gotten beyond my understanding. I no longer know what we should do. I no longer know what I would do. And I feel fear, not only because of my helplessness but because I know what helpless people often do: they mistake a charlatan for a savior. They follow the man with the shiny boots and the simple solutions. If we do not know, and know we do not know, we tend to follow those who say they do know.

That is what brought Ronald Reagan to power. He said he knew. He acted as though he knew, and as though all those who had come before him were fools or thieves or worse. He made it sound so easy to know. And now we see that he does not know. He does not even know that he does not know.

He does not know how to fix the economy, or foreign policy. He does not know how to shrink the bureaucracy, or make government less intrusive. He does not know how to make us secure. He does not even know *us*. He underestimates our compassion. He thinks we want to end poverty only if we are poor, to provide for the aged only if we are old, to end inequality only if we are unequal. He thinks the employed don't worry about the unemployed, that the educated give no thought to the uneducated, that we will not mind a little mass destruction so long as we survive; he thinks we would not weep for Russia's dead. He thinks we *want* to profit from a monetary crisis and grind the peasants under our carriage wheels. He thinks we are selfish and inhuman. He sells us short.

The optometrist reads the Scripture, telling the old tale of shepherds who had the common sense to know a miracle when they saw one, and of wise men who had the courage to follow a star. But I think, as we sing of towns as small and quiet as the one we stand in, of choirs of angels, of peace on earth and mercy mild and thousand-year-old promises fulfilled, we are not selfish and inhuman. We are better than Ronald Reagan knows.

And we are not entirely foolish; it may take us awhile to figure it out, but we know when we've been had.

And we are not all that desperate yet. We can wait. We can find our own way. We do not need to cling too tightly to what we have and do not like. We do not have to stay a downward course.

I know that because I can feel the hope and strength in the Christmas music, because I think I hear the voices around me growing stronger as we move through the old familiar carols, bringing the service to its old familiar end. The electric lights about us go out, and down the aisles come acolytes, carrying tapers. They pause at the end of each pew. One person dips his candle, then turns and sends the borrowed flame flowing down the row. It is swift as sunlight—the sanctuary is dark one moment, the next it seems to shout with light. We can move that quickly when we want to, so easily defeat the dark.

And then the choir, a cappella, begins to sing the song of joy, and we sing too. Our voices climb, and heaven and nature really do seem to join in.

And when the song has ended, the bell begins to ring, as if by magic. And then there is magic: the bells of the other churches ring. Somehow, in all those churches, all the different services have moved as one. I feel tears behind my eyes, in a place that no one sees, and I sense that I am not alone in that. And we stand there, silent in light of candles, listening to the bells.

When the echoes die, the minister speaks the words of prophecy that make the future seem so sure:

> The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. . . . For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder.

And then I know that there is something wrong. For this is the moment that, in prior years, the organ would begin the "Hallelujah Chorus," and we would take our candles out into the night. But there has been too long a hiatus; we have forgotten how it goes. When the song begins no one moves. We stand there, each afraid to take a step. In time we become comfortable in immobility, and we stand and listen as the song plays out. When it ends we still stand there, holding hopeful candles. Someone somewhere blows his out. Someone else does too. And then an unseen usher switches on the lights. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Our Holiday Book Lists

KATHA POLLITT

Once again it's December and all over New York reviewer can be heard grumbling to reviewer that it's been a dreary year for books. I suspect it's always a dreary year for books if you have to read them for a living and, worse, turn out 1,000 well-chosen words about some overhyped specimen by the day after tomorrow. Ah, to earn an honest living, come home at 6, stretch out on the couch and read at whim, as Randall Jarrell advised us all to do.

Actually, I did a lot of reading at whim this year, taking a perverse satisfaction in finally, late at night, dipping into a book *not* published in 1983, not bristling with publicity releases and blurbs and backup letters; a book that did not cry out, "Love me, oh, love me!" with every fiber of its inky being, that frankly did not care whether I liked it or not. Perhaps that sense of stolen freedom accounts for the fact that I took much more pleasure in Philip Roth's electric and crazy *My Life as a Man* (Bantam Books, $2.95) than in his current offering, *The Anatomy Lesson* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $13.95), which seemed by contrast lax and tired, and for the fact that *Mary Olivier: A Life*, by the once-famous, now-forgotten Edwardian novelist May Sinclair (handsomely reprinted by Virago Press, $8.95), struck me as richer in texture, more deeply imagined and more complex in its apprehension of character than any of this year's Big Books.

I'm also grateful to the friend who gave me (well, lent me, but I'm hoping he's forgotten) his copy of Wallace Markfield's *To an Early Grave* (Simon & Schuster, out of print), a savage and gloomy satire of career-building and social unease among New York Jewish literary critics back in the days when *Partisan Review* ruled the quarterlies, Norman Podhoretz wrote polished essays about Melville, and an egg cream was more than a watery chocolate soda. Roth is still with us (although I hope we've seen the last of Nathan Zuckerman) and so, thanks to Virago Press, is May Sinclair. But where is Wallace Markfield? Why do his books languish in the misty land of the out-of-print? That's what I'd like to know.

My favorite novel of 1983 is also an odd duck of sorts: *Rates of Exchange* (Alfred A. Knopf, $13.95), by British critic and (wonderful) novelist Malcolm Bradbury. His first fiction since *The History Man*, in which he skewered trendy radical academics so neatly I'm surprised they didn't all shoot themselves, it depicts the bumbling and rather melancholy adventures of a British linguistics professor in the mythical Eastern European country of Slaka. Bradbury has much to say about the relation of language to reality, about the dismal side of modern life, East and West, about those who are "characters in the world historical sense" (the fellows who are bringing us World War III) and those (Professor Petworth, you, me) who are not. *Rates of Exchange* offers a wealth of sly characterizations—from Katya Princip, the "brilliant batik-clad magical realist novelist" who ensnares poor Petworth, to Marisja Lubijova, the severe, maternal young guide who rescues him—as well as silly puns, off-color jokes and the hilarious invented language of Slakan, which is liable to government reform at a moment's notice. I wish I knew why this clever, wise, thought-provoking and justly proportioned novel has had such a guarded and tepid reception. Don't believe a word of it. *Rates of Exchange* is a feat of imaginative originality that ought to make every one of the dozens of 1983 novels about Upper West Side divorces and male midlife crises blush for shame.

Most of my other choices were picked by other contributors to this list, so I won't repeat them. But two books that feminists will want to read, and socialists ought to be made to, are *Moscow Women: Thirteen Interviews*, a collection of frank and disturbing interviews with Soviet women by Carola Hansson and Karin Liden (Pantheon, $16.95, paper $7.95), and *Eve and the New Jerusalem: Socialism and Feminism in the Nineteenth Century* (Pantheon, $19.95, paper $9.95), Barbara Taylor's brilliant history of Owenite socialism, told for the first time from the point of view of the women in the movement.

Finally, since the holiday list is a kind of literary saturnalia, in which *The Nation*'s ordinarily strict rules against writing about one's friends are thrown to the winds, I'd like to put in a word for two of mine. *The Owl Papers*, by Jonathan Maslow (E.P. Dutton, $17.95) is a book about birds to delight even those like me who can't tell a hawk from, well, another hawk. And Mark Rudman's *Robert Lowell: An Introduction to the Poetry* (Columbia University Press, $19.95) is as unpretentious and friendly a guide as anyone who reads for pleasure could desire.

VICTOR NAVASKY

One of the first questions publishers ask an author who proposes a biography of a living subject is, Will he cooperate? Seymour M. Hersh's *The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House* (Summit, $19.95) should establish the irrelevance of that interrogatory for all time. (Not that Henry the K's unwillingness to attempt his famed diplomacy on his biographer didn't fuel the incredible investigative energy on display here.)

I like Alice Munro's short stories, collected most recently in *The Moons of Jupiter* (Alfred A. Knopf, $12.95), partly because her art is invisible. There is something impressive about characters who underwhelm, sometimes simply with wit and clear thinking, what might otherwise be tragic dilemmas. As this year's escape lit, I recommend—assuming nothing by Dick Francis is available—*The Queen's Gambit* by Walter Tevis (Random House, $13.95). It takes one inside the mind of a child chess prodigy who comes to display the cunning of a Sovieticus in doping out her Russian opponent's moves. Don't worry, even those who don't know how to play Chinese checkers will end up in thrall to this thriller. Finally, there is Robert Sherrill's *The Oil Follies of 1970-1980: How the Petroleum Industry Stole the Show (And Much More Besides)* from Doubleday ($19.95). This veritable opera of oil, complete with exhaustive documentation, manages to make you laugh out loud even as it informs and inspires outrage.

RICHARD LINGEMAN

Though most reviewers dwelt on the *roman à clef* aspects of Philip Roth's *The Anatomy Lesson* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $13.95), I found the idea of writing an entire novel to avenge a bad review in *Commentary* rather charming.

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Well, the novel itself isn't charming but its wit coruscates. Roth seems to be our American dissident-in-residence, only his black fable is aimed not at the state but at official Jewish intellectualism and official feminism, which he feels demand that he support Israel and the E.R.A. He's right that no artist should follow a line, but all this waxing Roth can lead to bad temper and bad taste. Still, both are necessary tools for satirical exorcists, and I defend to the death his right to use them. I hope, however, his next book will escape from the claustrophobic, Kafkaesque New York intellectual ghetto.

Funny that I liked John le Carré's cold war novels better than his hot war effort about the Middle East, *The Little Drummer Girl* (Alfred A. Knopf, $15.95). In books like *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* and *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, you knew who the bad guys were: the spies on both sides. It was a gray world, gray as a rain stain on the Berlin wall. The plot of *The Little Drummer Girl* is played out, as they say, in the glare of this morning's headlines, and the morality is black and white. Still, it is an exhausting, gripping book.

As everyone knows, Milton Appel in *The Anatomy Lesson* is a stand-in for a distinguished New York critic, and I thought I recognized Ariel Sharon in *The Little Drummer Girl*. Some you-know-whos also appear in Nora Ephron's *Heartburn* (Alfred A. Knopf, $11.95), a rueful comedy about marital disillusion by a funny writer. Isn't it time, though, that critics threw away the *clef*? Writers have been incorporating real people into their fiction since 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre.

On to nonfiction, where names are not usually changed to protect the guilty. I recommend that you read all of the books that have been excerpted in *The Nation*, listed elsewhere in this section. But I especially commend to readers' attention Fred J. Cook's *The Great Energy Scam* (The Free Press, $15.95), an example of "privishing" if there ever was one (with a 2,500-copy first printing).

Oh, yes, Amy Clampitt's poems in *The Kingfisher* (Alfred A. Knopf, $13.95, paper $8.95) have a gnarled beauty. And Joseph Epstein's essays in *The Middle of My Tether* (W.W. Norton, $14.95) gave me a thrill. I would also urge upon you Theodore Dreiser's *An Amateur Laborer* (University of Pennsylvania Press, $25), a hitherto unpublished work. It's lugubrious and unfinished, yet the closest thing to Dostoyevsky's *Notes From Underground* an American ever wrote.

ANDREW KOPKIND

THE FLIGHT OF THE FALCON. *By Robert Lindsey. Simon & Schuster. $15.95.* Part II of the adventures of Christopher Boyce, spun out of Southern California suburbia into espionage, ecology, prison breakout and bank robbery. Taken with Lindsey's first installment, *The Falcon and the Snowman*, this sequel advances a truer-than-fiction epic of America in the decade after Vietnam. What we find is a land of stoned innocence, blind corruption and comic confusion—Lindsey is a Twain for our time. I can't wait for Part III.

COMMUNITY AND ORGANIZATION IN THE NEW LEFT: 1962-1968. The Great Refusal. *By Wini Breines. Praeger. $26.95.* The New Left has been all but lost under the juggernaut of revisionist history, from Irving Howe to *The Big Chill*. I found Breines's slim volume a useful reminder of some of the essentials of the generational consciousness of the 1960s—specifically, what she calls the "prefigurative politics," or antiorganizational character, of the movement. At least she takes the period seriously; elsewhere, it's treated like a minor blip between Camelot and Watergate.

LEE BAILEY'S COUNTRY WEEKENDS. *By Lee Bailey, Clarkson N. Potter. $18.95.* I was wondering how to capture the essence of life in post-industrial America, and then a friend brought me this sumptuous coffee-tabler. I read: "If your setup includes a little guest house . . . treat its weekend occupants to the luxury of having breakfast in private at whatever time suits their mood. Equip the house with a small refrigerator, a coffee maker, and an extra cabinet filled with simple breakfast things." These include the fixings for "pan broiled quails and scrambled eggs." Take nine quails . . .

PHYLLIS ROSE

The Marriage Hearse by Larry Duberstein isn't likely to have come to your attention. It was published by Darkhorse Bookmakers—in other words, privately printed (available by mail for $7 from Darkhorse, Jones Hill Rd., Ashby, Mass. 01431). When *The Marriage Hearse* takes off, it's one of the funniest, smartest and most generous novels about marriage from a male point of view that I know. The hero, a writer, is trying to be good to three women—his wife, his ex-wife and his lover. Not an easy story for women to love, but Duberstein carries it off, doing justice to the women's complexity as well as the man's. Other novels I've enjoyed this year are John le Carré's *The Little Drummer Girl* (Alfred A. Knopf, $15.95), quick and delicious, and Jay Cantor's *The Death of Che Guevara*, (Alfred A. Knopf, $17.95), rich and memorable.

I like reading essays and reviews, and this year brought two spectacular collections, John Updike's *Hugging the Shore* (Alfred A. Knopf, $19.95) and Cynthia Ozick's *Art & Ardor* (Alfred A. Knopf, $16.95). I would have thought it went without saying that Updike writes the best all-round comprehensive book reviews in America today, but I guess nothing goes without saying. Ozick's essays, like her fiction, are distinguished by imagination, wit, intelligence and marvelously supple writing. Starting an Ozick essay, you never know where you'll end up. A piece on Truman Capote, for example, produces an ironic reminiscence of studying literature at New York University in the postwar years alongside unappreciative Army vets. Ozick's positions are unequivocal, sometimes irritating, often unfashionable, but they are never hackneyed.

My favorite biographies of the year are Hayden Herrera's *Frida: A Biography* (Harper & Row, $21.95) and Judith Thurman's *Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller* (St. Martin's, $19.95). The latter appeared late in 1982 but perhaps can sneak into a 1983 list as a recently issued paperback (St. Martin's, $9.95). An excellent book which was insufficiently reviewed, perhaps because full appreciation requires some prior acquaintance with Melville's biography, is Michael Rogin's *Subversive Genealogy: The Politics and Art of Herman Melville* (Alfred A. Knopf, $22.95), which puts *Moby Dick* et al. into a brilliantly conceptualized context of politics and family history.

ANN JONES

Despite the resurgence of eye shadow and rumors that we've lapsed into a postfeminist era, feminists continue to turn out fresh, illuminating accounts of American culture and sexual politics, often so startlingly accurate they seem in retrospect self-evident. In this vein I

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especially admired Barbara Ehrenreich's revisionist *The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight From Commitment* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, $13.95) and Andrea Dworkin's *Right-Wing Women: The Politics of Domesticated Females* (Perigee, $6.95). Joan Didion's grim picture of terror and bodies and lunch at the embassy in *Salvador* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95; Pocket Books, $5.95) stays on my mind—as does most of what she writes. And I'm thankful to novelist William Kennedy for reminding me so movingly in *Ironweed* (Viking, $14.95) of what we are able, in our better moments, to achieve—some small, sorry glories perhaps, but glories nonetheless.

GRACE SCHULMAN

THE AENEID. *Translated by Robert Fitzgerald. Random House. $20.* By his very accuracy as a translator, Robert Fitzgerald rediscovers the life and power of our own language. I am amazed by his faultless ear, his musical phrasing, his subtlety and force.

THE CHANGING LIGHT AT SANDOVER. *By James Merrill. Atheneum. $25. Paper $12.95.* This brings together the trilogy *Ephraim*, *Mirabell* and *Scripts for the Pageant*. James Merrill writes of present life with its immediacy and its limitations, expanded by his dangerous, compelling journey into the occult.

EMBODIMENT AND OTHER POEMS. *By Arthur Gregor. Sheep Meadow. $14.95. Paper $7.95.* An edition of new and selected poems, this book juxtaposes nature and spirit, and simultaneously is rooted in and transcends the actual.

LINING UP. *By Richard Howard. Atheneum. $13.95. Paper $7.95.* I go through this book marveling at how intimately Howard knows gods, artists, figures of myth, and ordinary men and women. His precise observations of grand subjects and familiar things are so sensitive and wise that they illuminate moments of our daily lives. "Carrion (continued)," an epistolary poem to Baudelaire, is witty and profound, and "Cygnus Cygnus to Leda," an address to that vulnerable woman, is deeply compassionate.

ETRUSCAN THINGS. *By Rika Lesser. George Braziller. $10.95. Paper $4.95.* Rika Lesser has culled from a civilization gone to ashes what is essential to life now. "Degli Sposi," for example, based on a sixth-century B.C. sarcophagus of a married couple, is an extraordinary love poem that ends: "We touch, we hold, we keep/one another free." Throughout, Lesser watches life soar from fragments of the past.

THE KINGFISHER. *By Amy Clampitt. Alfred A. Knopf. $13.95. Paper $8.95.* This book is astonishing for its rich, moving language and its accuracy. "The Cormorant in its Element," a sonnet in two sentences, brings to life the magical, breathtaking downward flight of a bird, a "vanishing-and-emerging-from-under-the-briny-/deep act," a feat that is "performed for reasons having nothing at all/to do with ego, guilt, ambition, or even money." Like the cormorant's dive, Amy Clampitt's poems are clean, pure, swift, dazzling.

GREAT TRANQUILITY: Questions and Answers. *By Yehuda Amichai. Translated by Glenda Abramson and Tudor Parfitt. Harper & Row. $12.95. Paper $7.95.* Amichai, an Israeli, writes of the tragedy of his time and place in ways that evoke the world's disorder. He speaks of loss, enriched by passion, tempered with outrageous, ironic humor. Often the poems exhibit the sanguine acceptance of a man acquainted with suffering, who nevertheless cherishes every moment of life: "How poor in years and even days/Are those about to part but how rich/They are in minutes and seconds."

CLANCY SIGAL

My best read was *Red and Hot: The Fate of Jazz in the Soviet Union* (Oxford University Press, $16.95) by S. Frederick Starr, an American academic who is also a jazz musician. Starr, who uncovered original archival material and spoke to Russian jazzniks, shows how jazz was the plaything of lethal Soviet ideological currents. A musician could find himself in the Gulag (which had its own resident bands) because he was on the wrong side of the philosophic debate about whether jazz was a symptom of bourgeois decadence or of black proletarian protest. Jazz survived because of the joyful tenacity of a few musicians and the patronage of some top party bosses who privately dug that jive. Starr's extraordinary and exciting study is almost Gramscian in its grasp of the subtle relations of cultural base to superstructure.

In wartime, society's losers often end up at the front. Robert Garwood, high-school dropout and self-confessed "average American street bum," was a Marine Corps Pfc. who was captured by the Vietcong and spent fourteen years in confinement. *Conversations With the*

AND DON'T MISS THESE

Excerpts or adaptations from the following 1983 books appeared in *The Nation* this year.

Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf, *Beyond the Waste Land: A Democratic Alternative to Economic Decline*, Anchor Press/Doubleday.

David Burnham, *The Rise of the Computer State*, Random House.

Barbara Ehrenreich, *The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight From Commitment*, Anchor Press/Doubleday.

Todd Gitlin, *Inside Prime Time*, Pantheon.

Mark Green and Gail MacColl, *There He Goes Again: Reagan's Reign of Error*, Pantheon.

Russell Jacoby, *The Repression of Psychoanalysis: Otto Fenichel and the Political Freudians*, Basic Books.

Arthur Kinoy, *Rights on Trial: The Odyssey of a People's Lawyer*, Harvard University Press.

Peter Matthiessen, *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*, Viking.

Amos Oz, *In the Land of Israel*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

Phyllis Rose, *Parallel Lives: Five Victorian Marriages*, Alfred A. Knopf.

Toronto Arts Group for Human Rights, ed., *The Writer and Human Rights*, Anchor Press/Doubleday.

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Enemy, by Winston Groom and Duncan Spencer (G.P. Putnam's Sons, $16.95), is a sympathetic view of a "traitor" who may have collaborated with "the enemy" in order to save his life. Garwood, no angel, was court-martialed by a military establishment that needed a scapegoat. Groom and Spencer's book is an able brief for the defense—and a close, cool look at a forgotten but crucial corner of the Vietnam War. The Vietnamese Reds were no angels either.

Willie Morris's *The Courting of Marcus Dupree* (Doubleday, $15.95) is overwritten and occasionally impossibly rhetorical. Southern writers hardly ever use one word when ten will do. But the core of Morris's book is a moving meditation on the South's present fix: the old patterns persist, with new accommodations. It was a brilliant idea to link the ferocious seduction of a talented 17-year-old black Mississippi backfield star by college scouts and the murders, twenty years earlier, of three civil rights workers outside Dupree's hometown of Philadelphia, Mississippi. One of Dupree's best friends and admirers is the son of the deputy sheriff implicated in the murders.

The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House (Summit, $19.95), Seymour M. Hersh's blistering indictment of Henry Kissinger, deserves all its awards. It reads like an exciting screenplay about the way in which pure political amorality becomes profoundly evil in action. As I read it I kept thinking about that marvelous film *Mephisto*. Kissinger was our Eichmann.

The novel I most enjoyed was in many ways a dud. *Del Corso's Gallery*, by Philip Caputo (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $15.95), is all wrong in a hundred different ways. It is full of romantic self-pity and impossible dialogue between the news-cameraman hero and his "frigid" wife. It is also ultramacho. But ever since he published Vietnam's best novel/memoir, *A Rumor of War*, I've been plugged into Caputo for better or worse. His final chapters on Beirut are wonderfully cynical and educational.

MAURICE ISSERMAN

FRUITS OF MERCHANT CAPITAL: Slavery and Bourgeois Property in the Rise and Expansion of Capitalism. *By Elizabeth Fox-Genovese and Eugene V. Genovese. Oxford University Press. $29.95. Paper $10.95.* New and newly revised essays on slavery, women, the French Revolution and fellow historians. Solid history and fiery spectacle as the Genoveses descend, sword in hand, upon the sleeping villages of their enemies to pillage, burn and sow the fields with salt.

EUGENE DEBS: Citizen and Socialist. *By Nick Salvatore. University of Illinois Press. $24.95.* The best books teach the simplest lessons. Had Eugene Debs died at the age of 35 he would be remembered, if at all, as a conservative union bureaucrat on the make. People change.

THE ROSENBERG FILE: A Search for the Truth. *By Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $22.50.* It's the winter of 1944-45. The Red Army is battling Nazi Germany along a thousand-mile front. Everywhere in occupied Europe, communists are fighting behind German lines in the resistance movements, risking death and worse. The United States and the Soviet Union are allies in the fight against Hitler, but there is no guarantee that the alliance will survive the end of the war. You are Julius Rosenberg, an American Communist, and your brother-in-law is working on a top-secret military project in New Mexico, where a new weapon of awesome power is being built. What would you have done if asked by a representative of the heroic Soviet people to obtain some needed information? Would you have refused, despite Leningrad and Stalingrad and the battles still to be fought? Perhaps. Perhaps not. The weight of circumstantial evidence assembled by Radosh and Milton suggests that Julius Rosenberg was guilty as charged of committing espionage. Why is that so difficult to believe? What would you have done?

RANDALL KENNEDY

The two books I most enjoyed this year were Eric Foner's *Nothing But Freedom: Emancipation and Its Legacy* (Louisiana State University Press, $14.95) and Kenneth R. Manning's *Black Apollo of Science: The Life of Ernest Everett Just* (Oxford University Press, $29.95). *Nothing But Freedom* is a series of lectures exploring some of the dramatic consequences that followed the abolition of slavery in the Western Hemisphere in the nineteenth century. Foner's main concern is to delineate the ways in which the newly emancipated slaves endeavored to buttress the formal freedom they had attained with the substance of political and economic power. He brings to this task both a sophisticated conceptual framework rooted in class analysis and a meticulous respect for the complexity, integrity and independence of the past. The fruitful consequences of this dual commitment are displayed to good effect as Foner dissects the origins of a struggle that continues to this day—the struggle of blacks to make real the visionary promises that followed their deliverance from slavery.

Kenneth R. Manning's biography of E.E. Just is an account of a gifted black scientist who attempted, between 1910 and 1940, to reach the highest levels of theoretical biology and encountered in the process the entrenched racism of the scientific establishment. It is a biography altogether free of the sentimentality that often seeps into books about outstanding blacks. Without the least trace of defensiveness, Manning skillfully portrays his subject's quirky and oftentimes unpleasant personality. His richly detailed study deserves applause on another score as well. It ventures into an aspect of black life about which relatively little has been written: the experience of blacks, educated at elite white schools, who chose to pursue unconventional careers that could not be sustained at black universities and were unacceptable at white ones.

BARBARA EHRENREICH

For Christmas this year, my aunt in Iowa gets her annual subscription to *Mother Jones*, and my sister in Denver gets a short stack of Ann Bannon's lusty lesbian romances, just reprinted by Naiad Press. Most friends on the left can expect to receive a copy of *Beyond Survival: New Directions for the Disarmament Movement* (South End Press, $7.50), edited by Michael Albert and Dave Dellinger, plus a follow-up phone call to review the issues: How *do* we make the connections between the big war, the little wars and the everyday skirmishes? And why isn't this provocative anthology getting more attention?

Certain men I know will be getting *What Do Women Want? Exploding the Myth of Dependency* by Luise Eichenbaum and Susie Orbach (G.P. Putnam's

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Sons, $13.95), an easy-to-read and instructive dissection of male/female relationships that offers hope for détente. And my local utility company (Lilco, creator of New York's infamous Shoreham nuclear power plant) will receive, in lieu of my December payment, a copy of Mark Hertsgaard's *Nuclear, Inc.: The Men and Money Behind Nuclear Energy* (Pantheon, $16.95).

Finally, I'll be giving *Seeing is Believing: How Hollywood Taught Us to Stop Worrying and Love the Fifties* (Pantheon, $22.50, paper $10.95), Peter Biskind's glittering new study of the ideology of film, to a few special people whom I am trying to impress with my good taste, intellectual verve and political savvy.

MARGO JEFFERSON

The books I most admired this year, both fiction and nonfiction, were all cultural criticism. The writers took risks and didn't act as though complexity and commitment pose serious threats to each other. They went against linguistic, imaginative and intellectual expectations with good reason and great style.

EXILED IN PARADISE: German Refugee Artists and Intellectuals in America from the 1930s to the Present. *By Anthony Heilbut. Viking. $20.* A wonderfully rich study of how émigré intellectual traditions took root in postwar America. Examining the ties that bound mass culture, psychoanalysis, literature, politics and Frankfurt School philosophy, it explores how cultures are made and remade, not born.

SHAME. *By Salman Rushdie. Alfred A. Knopf. $13.95.* This should be read with Rushdie's extraordinary novel *Midnight's Children.* India and Pakistan no longer lie prone under Western eyes.

HOME GIRLS: A Black Feminist Anthology. *Edited by Barbara Smith.* CUENTOS: Stories by Latinas. *Edited by Alma Gómez, Cherríe Moraga and Mariana Romo-Carmona. Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press. $10.95 and $7.95, respectively.* These anthologies, Kitchen Table's maiden ventures, are pungent and varied, full of questions, convictions and insights.

THE CANNIBAL GALAXY. *By Cynthia Ozick. Alfred A. Knopf. $11.95.* A study of pedagogy, maternity and history, encased in a taut, fierce novel.

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July

12

1960–Buy American Act

1971–Charles Colson proposes the break-in and fire-bombing of the Brookings Institute.

1977–U.S. Privacy Protection Committee warns "that new avenues and needs for collection of information . . . multiply the dangers of official abuse."

1982–The Federal Emergency Management Agency promises that the survivors of a nuclear holocaust "will get their mail."

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KIRKPATRICK SALE

THE HUMAN CYCLE. *By Colin Turnbull. Simon & Schuster. $14.95.* For once the jacket copy is right: this *is* an "astonishing" book. With honesty and great perception, Turnbull (*The Forest People, The Mountain People*) has turned his anthropological talents full force on his own life, from childhood in upper-class England to adulthood in America. As if that weren't enough, he's compared that with the same stages of development in other societies he knows first hand, particularly the Mbuti of the Congolese forest and the holy orders of India and Tibet. I don't need to tell you which societies come out best.

A VOLUNTARY POLITICAL GOVERNMENT: Letters from Charles Lane. *Edited by Carl Watner. Michael E. Coughlin Publishers (1985 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 55104). $5.95.* This is a series of nine long letters written in 1843 by an English-born libertarian to William Lloyd Garrison's *The Liberator*, published in book form for the first time. Though a touch flowery, the arguments are clear and cogent, the lesson simple: as we have a voluntary church rather than coerced religion, so we should have a voluntary state rather than forced government. Those who even at this late date continue to believe that it is the power of the state that provides (and *should* provide) our security and redresses our grievances should spend an hour or two with this little book.

AMERICA II. *By Richard Luov. J.P. Tarcher. $15.95.* A surprisingly interesting book, for all its packaged hype. Luov, a young journalist, traveled the country to track down the trends of our time and discovered that behind the great migrations to Sun Belt, Suburbia and Condominia is the fear, bewilderment, frustration and anger of a populace without values or purposes. A far, far better—and much more sobering—survey than the offerings of Toffler or Naisbitt; Luov doesn't fall for all that "Third Wave" mega-garbage.

FIRST HARVEST: The Institute for Policy Studies, 1963-83. *Edited by John Friedman. Grove Press. $22.50. Paper $8.95.* I thought this collection would be all old, predictable stuff, but my thumbing-through turned into hours of solid, informative reading. Not light reading, mind you, but with people like John Berger, I.F. Stone, Karl Hess, Ariel Dorfman, Paul Goodman and many more, still an enjoyable repository of some of the best wisdom of the last two decades. As Gore Vidal notes in his preface, "In a political system that eschews reality, there is obviously a good deal of work to be done in simply describing the state of the world in which we live." I.P.S. does that.

CLAYBORNE CARSON

SLAVERY AND SOCIAL DEATH: A Comparative Study. *By Orlando Patterson. Harvard University Press. $30.* Frustratingly ahistorical and needlessly arcane, but still the most insightful and original book on slavery to appear in recent years.

THE WOMEN OF BREWSTER PLACE. *By Gloria Naylor. Viking. $13.95. Penguin. $5.95.* An engrossing, innovative novel that displays the variety of black experience.

A MEASURE OF TIME. *By Rosa Guy. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $16.95.* Set in Harlem, this is a memorable addition to the long line of epic Afro-American novels.

HOW CAPITALISM UNDERDEVELOPED BLACK AMERICA. *By Manning Marable. South End Press. $20. Paper $7.50.* Marable continues to demonstrate that he is one of the best—and certainly one of the most prolific—essayists writing about black politics.

PAUL BUHLE

SAMANTHA RASTLES THE WOMAN QUESTION. *By Marietta Holley. Edited by Jane Curry. University of Illinois Press. $14.95. Accompanying cassette, $8.95.* This is the feminist humor reprint of the year. Best-selling American woman wit of all time, Marietta Holley invited herself into the domestic quarrels that raged from the 1870s to the grudging passage of suffrage for women. She perceived that man, presumed repository of rational thought, held a strangely contradictory attitude toward his helpmate: placing her on a pedestal too high to take equal share in meaningful decisions, but plenty low enough to monopolize the dirty work. Through twenty-three books she pushed this contradiction to its limits. Rural, old-fashioned feminist that she was, Holley (captured eloquently in Curry's taped recitation) has a few choice phrases for the Reagans and Falwells of today: "You call wimmens angels, and you don't give 'em the rights of the lowest beasts that crawls upon the earth. A dog haint called undogly if it is industrious. A dog don't have to see its property taxed to advance laws it believes ruinous. A dog don't have to listen to soul-sickening speeches from them that deny it freedom and justice." Dig it, Nancy Reagan.

OF WAR AND LOVE. *By Dorothee Sölle. Translated by Rita Kimber and Robert Kimber. Orbis Books. $7.95.* Literary scholar, leader of the anti-Pershing, anti-cruise German Protestants, sometime Union Theological Seminary maven, Sölle is above all a feminist poet. Here she combines odd Christological outbursts with antiwar didacticism with stirring, fanciful ruminations. Drawing on German folklore, she imagines herself "in the house of the ogre," kept and fed by the pleasant *hausfrau* while the monster stalks around deploying "his famous first strike/to those in his own land/who still talk back." When he comes back at night, Dorothee is hiding "in my little bombproof box," knowing one day she's going to be on the dinner menu. Unless Willy Brandt and the Greens turn out to be Jack the Giant Killer.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER. *By Philip K. Dick. Pocket Books. $2.95.* Weirdest book of the year. The late Philip Dick, a sci-fi pulp immortal, had a revelation in 1974: the Gnostics were right, Jehovah is not *the* God but a lesser and demented deity; we humans seem to have been puppets in a cosmic Punch-and-Judy show. *Transmigration* opens on the day of John Lennon's assassination and wends back through the cults and shattered illusions of the 1970s and forward to the millennial lunacy of the present. Like Poe, like Hammett, Dick successfully captures the mass reader's own *angst* and then flails against the limits of the medium. It killed him, too.

NELL IRVIN PAINTER

For the life of me, I can't remember the new books I loved in the spring—they belong to the academic year now over and done with. So my favorite books of the year have appeared since the summer. *Lemon Swamp* (The Free Press, $16.95), by Mamie Garvin Fields and her granddaughter Karen Fields, is a rare human document, the story of an educated black woman in South Carolina during the era of segregation.

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It manages to capture the feel of Southern life as it was, evoking both the white-supremacist order and the everyday, matter-of-fact adjustments blacks made in order to live with dignity.

My other choices are by academics. Eric Foner's *Nothing But Freedom: Emancipation and Its Legacy* (Louisiana State University Press, $14.95) provides another example of the first-rate Southern scholarship I've come to expect from one of my favorite historians. His breadth and excellence amaze me. Kenneth R. Manning's *Black Apollo of Science: The Life of Ernest Everett Just* (Oxford University Press, $29.95) deftly and sensitively discusses the biologist's entanglements in the black and white intellectual worlds between the two wars. Eerily contemporary.

ELLEN DuBOIS

Fifteen years after women's liberation first declared that the relations between women and men were one of the major social and political issues of our time, feminists are finally ready to make their contribution to the history of modern sexuality. *Powers of Desire: The Politics of Sexuality*, edited by Ann Snitow, Christine Stansell and Sharon Thompson (Monthly Review Press, $22, paper $12.50) is a luscious collection of stories, articles and poems unified by a commitment to women's empowerment and an appreciation of the complexities involved in revolutionizing sexuality; otherwise, the collection offers great variety, intellectual as well as sexual, and gives you a chance to find out whether you are more turned on by John D'Emilio's "Capitalism and Gay Identity" or Joan Nestle's "My Mother Liked to Fuck." Also check out Jonathan Katz's second volume of primary sources in the history of homosexuality in the United States, *Gay/Lesbian Almanac: A New Documentary* (Harper & Row, $28.95, paper $16.95). The emphasis here is on the early colonial period and the transition from Victorianism to the modern era: Katz's introductory essays are excellent guides to current scholarly trends in the history of sexuality.

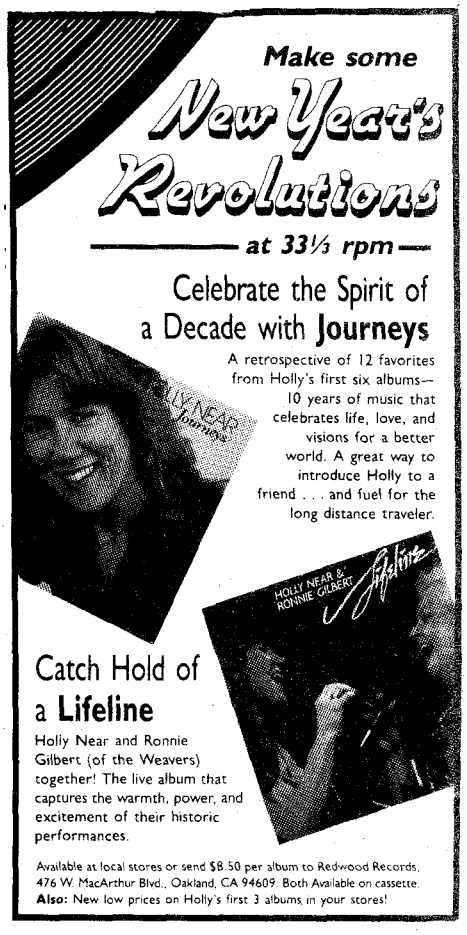
On the related topic of marriage, I strongly recommend *The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight From Commitment* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, $13.95). Barbara Ehrenreich traces changes in the conventional definition of "manliness" over the last quarter-century, from the "breadwinner ethic" of the 1950s through the current "male revolt" against marriage and the family. Like Katz, Ehrenreich is not an academic historian. She uses fewer sources and makes more sweeping generalizations than anyone coming up for tenure would dare, but she also asks more important questions and risks more ambitious answers. She provides a series of unforgettable historical portraits of the Beats, *Playboy*, hippies and "men's liberation," and concludes with a brilliant and disturbing essay on feminism and antifeminism in the 1980s. "Instead of there being one movement to represent women in a hostile and uncertain world, we have had two," she writes. "It is as if, facing the age-old insecurity of the family-wage system, women chose opposite strategies: either to get out (figuratively speaking) and fight for equality of income and opportunity, or to stay home and attempt to bind men more tightly to them."

Finally, Zoë Fairbairn's "political science fiction," *Benefits*, is now available in paperback (Avon Books, $2.98). It tells of a time when the battle between radical feminists and pro-family conservatives over the obligation of the state to women has moved to the center of British politics. It is as chilling and imminent as *1984*.

MINDY ALOFF

CITIZEN 13660. *By Miné Okubo. University of Washington Press. $8.95.* Okubo was among the 110,000 Japanese-Americans moved into government camps following Pearl Harbor. Through sketches and drawings, this young art student made a record of her camp experiences to send to friends. Rich in anecdote and humor, they tell a tale of extreme discomfort: bewildered people of all ages trying to accommodate themselves to community toilets and showers, enormous mess lines, summer mosquitoes and scarce privacy. It is not a book about brutality but about the loss of freedom, something harder to depict.

TAR. *By C.K. Williams. Random House. $10. Vintage. $5.95.* C.K. Williams is a poet with a classical ear who writes about decayed inner cities and dying rural towns with the appetite of a Jack London. He also writes about sex, in long, explicit, often beautifully turned lines. He is a man who seems to adore women; the attitude becomes him. And he is something of a 1960s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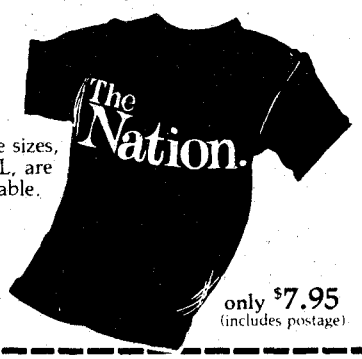

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survivor, a 47-year-old knight-errant whose vision transforms a Halloween parade of poor children into "a frieze of Greeks" and whose memories of a $2 prostitute are mantled with thoughts of Rimbaud, Augustine and, would you believe, Noam Chomsky. "Waking Jed," a lyric about the poet watching his young son flower from deep sleep to consciousness, is a tour de force of description: the entire progress of Jed's soul is rendered according to minute changes in his body.

BALANCHINE'S BALLERINAS: Conversations with the Muses. *By Robert Tracy with Sharon DeLano. Linden Press/Simon & Schuster. $24.95.* This book contains nineteen interviews with dancers from Alexandra Danilova to Darci Kistler. It is full of gossip and photographs—the gossip interesting, and the photos often very attractive. It is *People* magazine material, useful in its limited way, and the starstruck adolescent on your holiday list will eat it up.

CHOREOGRAPHY BY GEORGE BALANCHINE: A Catalogue of Works. *Eakins Press Foundation. $75.* The most complete reference book on Balanchine's art to be published to date, *Choreography*, in the main, is a chronology of every dance he ever made to be publicly performed—by ballet companies, in operas, in movies. Music, designs, casting, circumstance, revisions and occasionally actual steps are accounted for. The more you know about Balanchine's work, the more telling the entries are. One portrait photograph of the choreographer and a preface by Lincoln Kirstein are the only sweetenings. The rest is all meat.

BRINA CAPLAN

Someone once dismissed a writer I know as having "the soul of an anthologist." But to judge by Howard Schwartz's *Gates to the New City* (Avon Books, $12.95), a collection of modern Jewish stories, an anthologist's soul can be worth envying. Schwartz's, at least, seems to have an affinity for fiction that provokes thought and for scholarship that places in a common tradition writers as diverse as Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav, Franz Kafka, Cynthia Ozick and Albert Memmi. *Gates to the New City* can teach haggadic themes and Merkavah mysticism—there are 108 pages of introduction, and additional prefaces and appendixes. It is possible, though, simply to enjoy the stories. This collection qualifies as a heavyweight, but it has a light touch and a gentle soul—it doesn't insist on pushing you around.

RICHARD TILLINGHAST

The book that affected me most this year is *The Witness of Poetry* by Czeslaw Milosz (Harvard University Press, $8.95), which I heard delivered as the Norton Lectures at Harvard last winter. The Polish poet and Nobel Prizewinner traces "the separation of the poet from the great human family" to art's alignment with the nineteenth-century bohemian subculture against the bourgeoisie. "What can poetry be in the twentieth century?" he asks, and finds an answer in modern Polish poetry, an expression of Poland's struggles first against the Nazis and then against the Russians. "In [Polish poetry] a peculiar fusion of the individual and the historical took place, which means that events burdening a whole community are perceived by a poet as touching him in a most personal manner. Then poetry is no longer alienated."

Milosz bolsters his argument by quoting from his distant cousin Oscar Milosz's treatise, *A Few Words on Poetry*, published in Paris during the 1930s, which denounces "art for art's sake" in favor of an "impure poetry," an art typified by Whitman, Shakespeare, Dante, Homer, Virgil, Lucretius and other great poets who were moved more by feelings of compassion and solidarity for their fellow creatures than by a desire for esthetic purity. In our time, the voice of the individual is threatened almost with extinction—in the East by the brutality of the monolithic state and its frighteningly effective propaganda, in the West by the mad dream of materialistic success and the trivialization of culture by the mass media. Poetry is one of the few areas where the voice of an individual human being can still be heard. There has never been a greater need for "the witness of poetry."

GARY GIDDINS

A dismal year for new fiction like 1983 provides a good excuse for catching up with the past; new translations offered additional impetus. Robert Fitzgerald sent me back to *The Aeneid* (Random House, $20) for the first time since college; he's not likely to be quoted as much as Dryden or even Rolfe Hum-

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phries, but my God, he does understand narrative thrust, and with all due respect to Elmore Leonard's *La Brava* (Arbor House, $14.95), a B+ thriller, and Len Deighton's *Berlin Game* (Alfred A. Knopf, $15.95), an A thriller, Fitzgerald's Virgil proved to be the year's most beguiling page-turner: "Look at me now, sunk in decay, see how/Old age in me is too far gone for truth/deluding me with battles between kings/And dreams of fear! Look at these dreams of mine!" Stephen Mitchell resurrected Rilke's *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge* (Random House, $16.95); Robert Phelps enlisted the work of several translators for what was to me (I'd never read her before) the revelatory *Collected Stories of Colette* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $19.95) and Richard Howard did for Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal* (David R. Godine, $22.50, paper $13.95) what Baudelaire did for Poe.

American humor suffered irremediable damage with the loss of S.J. Perelman and Dwight Macdonald, and took a further turn for the worse when Richard Pryor became an upstanding citizen. These are sad times for irony and wit. Thank heaven for Philip Roth, whose *The Anatomy Lesson* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $13.95) is a cackling celebration of literary spleen and, taken together with its predecessors in the Zuckerman trilogy, an intricately wrought big book about the futility of being rich, smart and horny. Da Capo Press also came to the rescue by reprinting Macdonald's *Against the American Grain* ($9.95) and *On Movies* ($9.95). The latter is the only known justification for Hollywood's cycle of biblical epics.

I've never been able to finish a John Updike novel (a common ailment among those who were told at an impressionable age that *The Centaur* is literature), but *Hugging the Shore* (Alfred A. Knopf, $19.95) is vast entertainment, filled with anecdote, learning and good sense. I'm grateful to Terry Eagleton's *Literary Theory: An Introduction* (University of Minnesota Press, $25, paper $9.95) simply because it isn't impenetrable; actually, it's highly readable, and now I feel I've done my duty to deconstruction. Although Lewis Hyde's interpretation of Whitman is tortured at best (he's more convincing on Pound), his *The Gift: Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property* (Random House, $17.95; Vintage, $7.95) is a valuable and original study of the intersection of creativity and private enterprise. Finally, although I'm not persuaded by James Lincoln Collier's psychological sleuthing, his *Louis Armstrong: An American Genius* (Oxford University Press, $19.95) is by far the most thoughtful and articulate study to date of a much misunderstood titan of jazz.

JOYCE JOHNSON

LOOK AT ME. *By Anita Brookner. Pantheon. $11.95.* If there is such a thing as a perfect novel, this comes very close. Brookner tackles isolation and loneliness head on, sparing us no shame or petty human cruelty, never missing an irony and never writing a flat sentence.

WINDOWLIGHT. *By Ann Nietzke. Capra Press. $8.95.* Published by a small press, this "Woman's Journal from the Edge of America" should be rescued from its lost-book status. The edge of America is Venice, California, and the woman at the window observing the street people, the lost souls, the drunks and crazies, sees the connections between us all—the ones we acknowledge and the ones that bring us to despair. No sentimentality here, but heart and power.

TODD GITLIN

THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE. *By Natalie Zemon Davis. Harvard University Press. $15.* A fascinating reconstruction of a famous incident of impostorship and love in sixteenth-century rural France. Davis delicately deploys historical fact to suggest what is singular about the modern individual.

A PEOPLE BETRAYED: November 1918, A German Revolution. *By Alfred Döblin. Fromm. $19.95. Paper $10.95.* This great synoptic novel of 1948-49, just translated, re-creates the density of a society at the breaking point—and failing to break. Döblin invented the nonfiction novel forty years ahead of his time. (Now it's time for a new translation of his *Berlin Alexanderplatz* as well.)

THE HEARTS OF MEN: American Dreams and the Flight From Commitment. *By Barbara Ehrenreich. Anchor Press/Doubleday. $13.95.* An original and provocative view of recent sexual culture, with men as home wreckers in fact and imagination.

THE PRICE OF POWER: Kissinger in the Nixon White House. *By Seymour M.*

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Hersh. Summit. $19.95. Hersh catches this destroyer of worlds as an artful political maneuverer, and gives us an indispensable account not only of the Nixon days but of the special corruption to which intellectuals are prone. Amazing the news that was still waiting to be broken.

THE CULTURE OF TIME AND SPACE, 1880-1918. *By Stephen Kern. Harvard University Press. $25.* A brilliant, gutsy essay in intellectual history. How thought, technology, art and politics smashed objective time and bourgeois hierarchies of space.

ELIZABETH POCHODA

For me the best books of 1983 are the ones I'll not finish until well into 1984: the two Library of America volumes of Francis Parkman's *France and England in North America* ($30 each). This is surely Parkman's best work and the place where he can lay claim to having written the great American narrative on the most compelling of American themes—failure. Although their texts still give me the uncomfortable feel of well-thumbed psalters, I have become a convert this year to the productions of the worthy Library. Henry Adams's amusing novel about Washington, *Democracy*, resurfaced in the Adams volume alongside his better-known *Mont St. Michel et Chartres* and *The Education of Henry Adams*. The Washington Irving collection contains a revised and racier version of his *A History of New York*, along with other early tales and sketches, and James Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking novels are only a few months down the road.

Much has been made of the highbrow mysteries of both Umberto Eco (*The Name of the Rose*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $15.95) and Gabriel García Márquez (*Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, Alfred A. Knopf, $10.95), and rightly so, but I was pleased to discover that here in America we have also managed to produce an unusually funny and knowing, albeit less ambitious, use of the genre in Michael Malone's *Uncivil Seasons* (Delacorte, $13.95).

If I am forbidden by various conflicts of interest from mentioning my admiration for Robert Sherrill's *The Oil Follies of 1970-1980: How the Petroleum Industry Stole the Show (And Much More Besides)* from Doubleday ($19.95) or, for similar reasons, from attacking Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton's *The Rosenberg File* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $22.50), let me rest with the everlastingness of poetry and of war in the Middle East. C.K. Williams's *Tar* (Random House, $10; Vintage, $5.95) and Amy Clampitt's *The Kingfisher* (Alfred A. Knopf, $13.95, paper $8.95) represent the wonderful vitality at both ends of the American poetry spectrum, while Amos Oz's *In the Land of Israel* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95) suggests that a country that produces such impassioned sanity may still come to its senses on the issue of Judea and Samaria, once known as the Occupied Territories.

RONALD DE FEO

Line for line, *Wise Virgin* (Viking, $13.95), by the young English writer A.N. Wilson, is one of the best-written novels of the year. Although in its concerns and comic vision Wilson's work sometimes recalls that of fellow Brits Iris Murdoch and Angus Wilson, it possesses a verbal and stylistic energy all its own, is wonderfully readable and quotable, and is genuinely funny in its exploration of the perils of scholarship and love. Another notable (though sadly neglected) book from England is *Writing and the Body* (Princeton University Press, $17.50), a series of interrelated essays by Gabriel Josipovici, a fine critic and experimental writer whose work is virtually unknown over here. Although Josipovici proposes to deal with writing as it affects both reader and writer, he sometimes loses sight of his theme, and his critical remarks sometimes come across as digressions. Still, the digressions are strikingly original and provocative, and he stimulates us to view a variety of writers, from Shakespeare and Sterne to Kafka and Beckett, from unusual perspectives. His treatment of Kafka's final heartbreaking days at the Kierling Sanatorium, when he was relegated to communicating by scribbling notes on paper, is particularly moving.

A Tomb for Anatole by Stéphane Mallarmé (North Point Press, $13.50) brings us an unfinished work, focusing entirely on the death of the poet's young son. Although the claims translator Paul Auster makes for these poetic fragments are too high, they are notable for their surprising directness and their ability to draw us close to this highly elliptical master. Last, *Balthus* (New York Graphic Society, $29.45), by Giovanni Carandente, is a welcome addition to the growing number of books devoted to the artist and his work. The quality of some of the reproductions

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is not of the highest order, but the delicacy of the artist's touch still comes through, as does the unsettling power of his brilliantly eccentric *Wuthering Heights* drawings.

BERNARD McCABE

Two Irish books. Padraig O'Malley's *The Uncivil Wars* (Houghton Mifflin, $19.50) presents the conflict in the North as seen by the dispassionate author, who has talked to everybody. No easy solutions, but clarity and high intelligence. *The Crane Bag Book of Irish Studies* (Irish Studies, 114 Paula Blvd., Selden, N.Y. 11784, $37.50) is a huge lump of a book (937 pages), collecting the first ten issues of one of Europe's liveliest intellectual journals. A preface by Seamus Heaney, special numbers full of cut-and-thrust on, for example, art and politics, minorities, women. Its breadth of reference—Ricoeur, Chomsky and Marcuse figure here as well as the rich throng of Irish poets and novelists—attests to the high-speed transformations in Irish life today. Not that romantic Ireland is all dead and gone: the issue on women has the shield of Cuchulain on its cover and the book's first sentence is all about Manannan, god of the sea. There's an agreeable Irish dottiness about *The Crane Bag*.

In *The Sacrifice* (Random House, $10; Vintage, $5.95), Frank Bidart's text virtually choreographs the reader's eye. With italics, capitals, *italicized* capitals, dots, dashes, gaps, jumps and breaks, the poems crack and crash about your head. One long poem plunges into Nijinsky's mad mind as he dances out the horror of World War I, another cleaves open a desperate son-and-mother scene. His extraordinary book ends, however, with a version of *Genesis* 1-2:4, pellucidly calm and peaceful.

The Manet catalogue from the Metropolitan Museum of Art ($39.50 until December 31, $49.50 thereafter) offers fine reproductions and skillful deployment of the paintings and drawings that lie behind Manet's masterpieces. Harder to find but really worth seeking out is *Zen Ink Paintings*, by Sylvan Barnet and William Burto (Harper & Row, $18.03). A clear, unpretentious account of Zen Buddhism, with thirty-two wonderful large-format illustrations and unobtrusively helpful editorial comments on each. Try *Kanzan and Jittoku* or *Ikkyu Sojun* for a vision of spontaneity and freedom, of art's happiness. □

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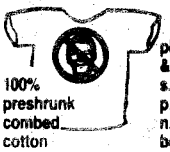

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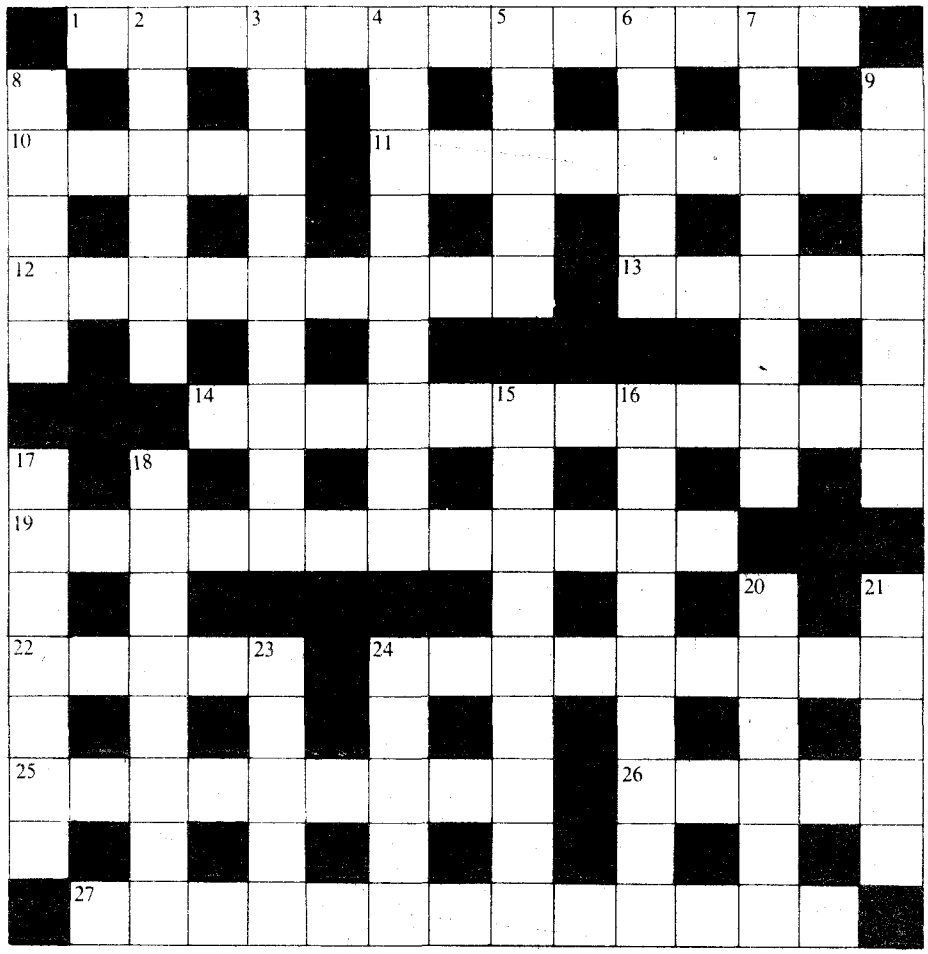
Crossword Puzzle No. 1989

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Deigning to notice the prisoner on the way down? (13)
10 Orioles? Cardinals? (Mates with them, possibly!) (5)
11 Pettish anger about the tribal mess. (9)
12 They have nerve to study in this field! (9)
13 Old defensive covering for the controversial politician. (5)
14 Strangely enough, worst! (3,3,4,2)
19 and 8 down British dieters might find it hard to do, as only the blameless should. (4,3,5,5)
22 Abuses perhaps associated with the split of an early Republican candidate. (5)
24 Something that should go straight to the bottom of the matter—supposedly good for children and invalids. (9)
25 Not a name I recognize as coming from a specific source. (9)
26 In playing Othello might it be a bar? (5)
27 Recovered from the pre-Lourdes disturbance. (13)

DOWN

2 If this is a proper clue, it's not transparent! (6)
3 Very unfair, coming from hedonists. (9)
4 and 20 Those oily phrases couldn't be blamed on one. (4,2,3,6)
5 Yet he's not the Confederate general who got there fustest with the mostest. (5)
6 Double this for a fast jump. (5)
7 Equivalent to what in France should be obliging. (8)
8 See 19 across
9 To prove something about a point is to wax poetic. (7)
15 Would one find them possibly streaming out of the country? (9)
16 Figure out the list where it was formerly. (9)
17 Sounds like a controversial missile arises as a result. (7)
18 Does the sound of breathing make a snake mad? (8)
20 See 4
21 The condition of New York, for example, as one might aver. (5)
23 Characteristic mark of most amphibians. (5)
24 Where one sees a friend in France leave a friend in Spain. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1988

R	A	I	N	C	H	E	C	K	■	H	E	A	D	S
I	■	N	■	O	■	N	■	N	■	Y	■	I	■	T
S	A	B	I	N	E	S	■	A	D	M	I	R	E	R
E	■	L	■	T	■	I	■	V	■	N	■	P	■	E
R	I	O	■	E	I	F	F	E	L	■	T	O	N	E
■	■	O	■	N	■	O	■	S	■	C	■	R	■	T
C	E	M	E	T	E	R	Y	■	M	A	S	T	I	C
H	■	■	■	I	■	M	■	T	■	N	■	■	■	A
E	S	C	R	O	W	■	L	A	N	D	S	E	E	R
C	■	H	■	N	■	I	■	R	■	L	■	L	■	■
K	N	I	T	■	S	T	A	T	U	E	■	G	O	A
R	■	F	■	A	■	S	■	R	■	W	■	R	■	W
E	N	F	O	R	C	E	■	A	B	O	N	E	O	F
I	■	O	■	C	■	L	■	T	■	O	■	C	■	U
N	I	N	T	H	■	F	I	E	L	D	G	O	A	L

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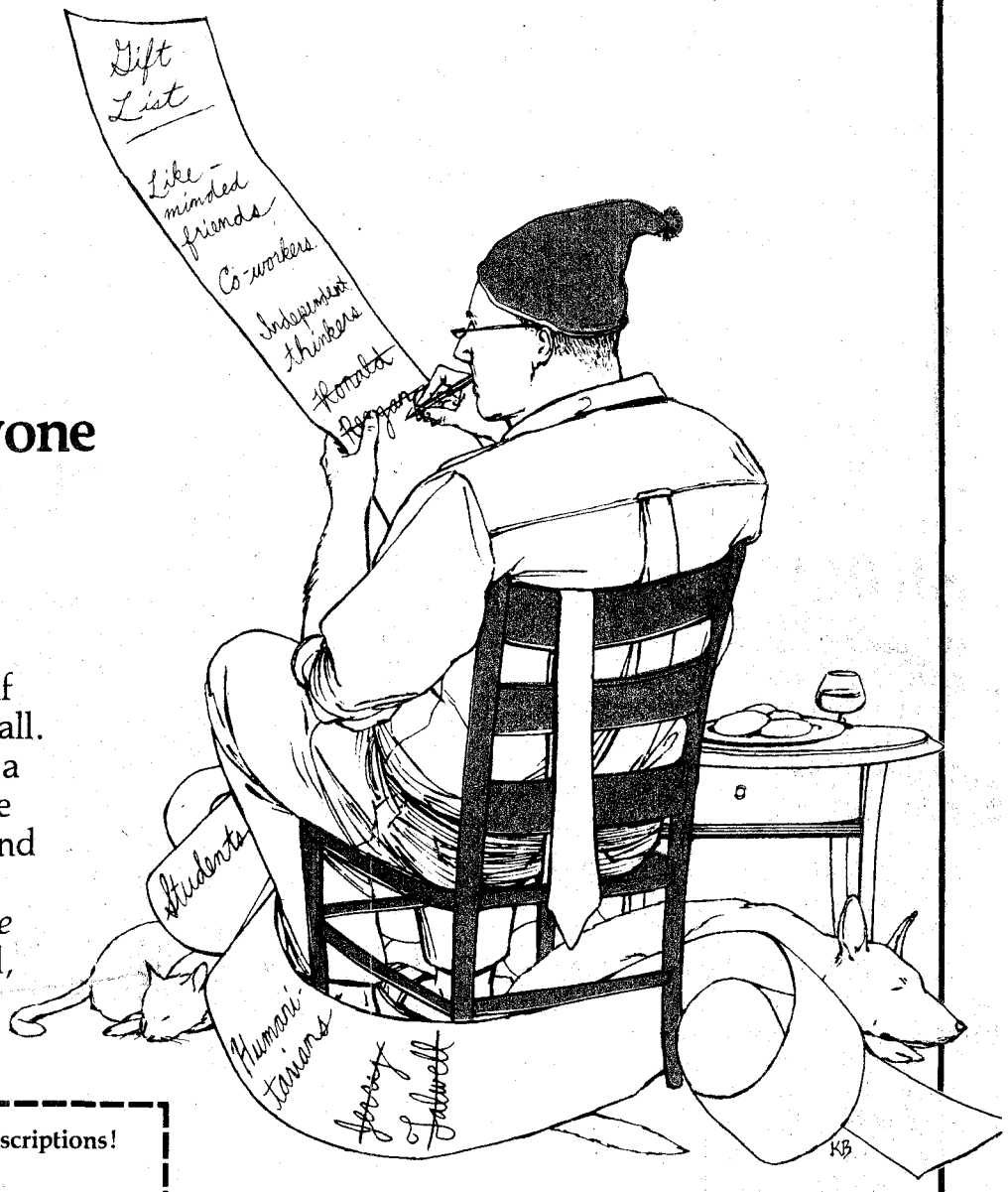

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